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Esquire

JANUARY 2002 ESQUIRE.COM

MAN AT HIS BEST

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from Heroes, Billionaires,
Geniuses, Screwups,
Visionaries, and Legends

The Meaning of LIFE



KING



BEZOS



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SINCE 1920

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Journal of Internal Medicine 247: 111–116

Robert Kennedy was hit in the 1964 *Saturday Night* Parade in New York. The day he announced his candidacy for president. Photographer Barry Scheraga had been up from Washington with Kennedy that morning. "Not long after this picture was taken, Warren Beatty, Jackie Kennedy and New York's mayor John Lindsay were all in the hospital." — www.fox.com

January 2002 / Vol. 137 / No. 1



D. 70

66 The Survivor Used September 11, Michael Wright left an e-mail directive for a telecommunications company on the eighth floor of the north tower of the World Trade Center. He is considered the entirely "lucky" of escape, and what comes after. "My wife came running to the door to see whether hearing the doors slam, doors slam, doors of her building." (INTERVIEWED BY CAL FORSMAN)

On the Cover Kings: Michael Levine, Kenne Brun, Wilson/John/Carlini/Outline, Carlini, Peggy/Alma Stone/brunner, Harry Brown/Jumpson. The Jumpson © 2001 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, all rights reserved. Banner by Joe Zeff



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DRIVER

WITH BERRY BOUTIQUE BRING YOUR FTD FLOWERS

The Sound & the Fury

ON THE EVENING of September 10, 2001, we were finishing our November issue. The next morning, we tore much of it up and started over. The result, which included a new cover, new photos, and dramatic stories about the attack on the World Trade Center by Scott Anderson, John Falk, and Walter Russell Mead, stirred a wave of emotional responses.

Your November cover prompted me to buy *Baggage*. Other magazine covers either ignored the WTC issue or gave it a pitiful lip service. None did it: I bought the magazine and wasn't disappointed. The featured accounts in your pages served to soothe and breathe my feelings toward the cowardly terrorists who pecked at our New York.

TIM SEXTON
New Canaan, N.H.

At first glance, I thought the photo at the opening of "War Comes to America" was a television screen in someone's penthouse apartment tuned to the destruction of the Twin Towers. But upon closer inspection, I noticed the dark television in the lower right side of the photograph and realized that the horror of September 11 was being played out just outside of the photographer's living room window. For his, the movie we were all watching helplessly from the comfort of our tastefully decorated living rooms had had the suspense of real-time grisly events. Patricia McDonough's photograph captures the gravity of these unfolding moments with a chilling irony: "Thank you for providing us with the image."

STACEY LAWSON
Long Beach, Calif.

My only regret: control with America is through your magazine. I therefore wish to use its pages to express my personal abhorrence of the events that took place in your country on Tuesday, eleven September. Amid the sorrow

I feel for those who died on that day some consolation for the citizens of New York, who bore it a nation beyond all expectations. The courage and bravery of the innocent victims of the rescue services deserve recognition far greater than I could ever express. My thoughts and prayers are and will remain with those who have suffered the loss of family, loved ones, and friends.

DOUGLAS BAKER
Croydon, England

I'm guessing that Scott Anderson decided to drop a sample of his private war correspondent's journal when he happened out discussing it ("Cowboy"). He followed the disaster zone because it was what he wanted to do. He happened onto a twisted rescue or medical spectacle, but he had to get to the scene. What did he bring to the table—the fact that he's covered foreign wars? The article would be like the story of a self-indulgent bomber who at the end of the day soaked in some it's taste to show some grit, stop pandering to the observers, and give some voice to the victims in the world.

THOMAS MCCARTHER
New York, N.Y.

Finally, someone with enough courage to the post-media to reveal what I have been wondering about for weeks: the appearance of the body parts in the body bags that John Falk ("Bringing Out the Dead") observes and also what the nearby towns felt

like (the empty shoes). God bless those old war vets who had to be put into the bags and those who needed to be there.

ROSEANNA MATTHEWS
Cape Cod, B.C.

The War of Drugs

John Falk also wrote in November about his dependence on the antidepressant Zoloft and the near-fatal consequences of his running out of it while covering the war in Kosovo ("No Zoloft, No Peace").

As a lifelong chronic depressive, I was pleased to read Falk's personal history. His descriptions of the chemistry of depression were clear and concise and well. I hope, educate more people to the fact that depression is not just a case of "being the blues." Even though Falk neglected to point out, however, first, Zoloft is not a cure-all for the disease. Second, while not a therapy as the psychoactive cause of depression, it is also affected by external events. Which is why, for the life of me, I can't understand Falk's going to Bosnia. He explains his putting himself into that war zone as a need for the thrill of peak experiences, but it seems to me that he was really seeking some form of punishment.

MARTIN DODDS
Austria, Tex.

Letters to the editor may be included in this issue and the July/August 2002 issue, depending on space. Also, please include the date and time of the letter and a self-addressed envelope for return. Letters are edited for length and clarity.

Esquire What They Saw



Stories From Inside an American Tragedy

Reported from the Front Lines
of the September 11 Attacks

SUCCESS
IS ONE THING,
ENJOYING IT
IS ANOTHER.



B&B
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Contributors

For nearly a decade, journalist **CHARLES M. SERNATT** has been contributing international features for the New York Daily News and the Boston Globe. A pundit that has taken him from gun massacres in Los Angeles to another all over the world—and that now lands him in Afghanistan, where he writes from this month. In the new column (page 45), he brings the reader the story of fear as he briefs us on our new-found allies and lets us know what we've gotten ourselves into. At one point, the should not have been a place any riches into his pocket and pulls out a scorpion, which he says has had to be removed. And asks the question: "Do you want to hold it?"

Do you want to hold it? "anyone who lived in Jerusalem for four years as the Middle East bureau chief for the Globe and is now in London as the page 14 European bureau chief." Sernatt's book, *The Body and the Head: The Holy Land's Christians at the turn of a new millennium* (PublicAffairs), was published last month.



When writer at large Mike Sager interviewed actor Rod Taylor for our October 1998 issue, we had no idea that the encounter would inspire not only a new feature for Esquire but also an entirely fresh and innovative format for magazine profiles. Prior to the interview, we had the phrase "What I've Learned" and I'd been able to use it more than 100 times in my career—but that was as far as we'd gone. Then Sager showed up with a list of 10 things he'd learned. "These are the things I've learned," he said. "Welcome on our way." The result was a unique, one-page feature of knowledge. Anticipating **ANDY WARD** had shared the column and made it great, and from that day forward, we devoted the better part of an issue to the column. The brilliant, the hilarious, the easy, and the wise. For this special issue, Ward has collected a fairly representative set of subjects for our time, including John McCain, Robert Kennedy, Edward Keller, and Lorraine Hansberry.

clad in John McCain's red shirt. "Robert Kennedy, Edward Keller, and Lorraine Hansberry are a few of them. I'd like to say that the latter is my favorite," says Ward. "There's something really profound in his theory of life here—I'm just not smart enough to figure it out yet." The section begins on page 18.



In "Sea of Inequity" (page 40), writer and former Esquire editor **AMY WOODCOCK** brings us the story of her father, a Navy physician and aging, worried man who committed suicide when Woodcock was 10 years old. Woodcock's father's death was a shock to her, and she discovered a box of his father's letters after he died. She discovered a box of his father's letters that he was able to write his way through the mystery of his father's suicide and "I've always written about him, which has been a way for me to come to terms with who he was and what happened to him," says Woodcock, who is now a senior editor at Esquire. "I'm not sure if it's one of those stories that you sort of live, and it continues to evolve throughout your life."

For the past three years, contributing editor **CAL FRIESMAN** has contributed many of the most interesting features we've learned, and for this issue, he contributes eight new profiles. "For the first time, I've learned," he says. "I could do one of these every day." He says, "I'll never forget once wrote, 'In the time of your life, live 100 years to see people who have lived these extraordinary lives and experiences that I wish. And then I can apply these wisdom to my own life.' Among the most memorable is this interview with Michael Wright (page 64), an account executive for a telecommunications company who tells of his miraculous escape from the World Trade Center as it collapsed around him on September 11. "What did I have to do to get it? You realize your good fortune, you know good fortune," he says. "After I left that interview, I couldn't wait to see my wife and children."



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Man at His Best

[illegible]

A brief tour of the best and worst of culture this month, featuring Teddy Roosevelt, tobacco, and Astroglide

Man at His Best The Excerpts



and Milder
and Better-Tasting

There you have it – good reason (that's the phrase) each ending phrase is a mini-graphic.

CHESTERFIELD
Amorris Ennis Bennett

● 2018 年 12 月 1 日 起施行

—From *All American*, July 1968, 107's *Flamboyant*, a great new book of vintage ads

Most Patriotic Name for a Concert Series

— The title of the new poster
 Priest—address to...

Best Fighting Movies

"Whining Cat receives an auto-blasting from the personality. I am 4'8" and weigh over 250 lbs. If you win this auction, I will personally come to your house and lick your ass. I guarantee it. I will not break any bones or kill you."

—Dante a mai răsturnat crucișii



2 Second-Best Fighting Words

"I seem pretty low now, but I shall get better. I cannot go without having done something to make my skin be there when you."

—A young Theater Workshop speaker about woodrow wilson is spelled out just as if there is a positive biography of it. A



★ **Most Patriotic Body Art**
—Patriotic September '11 designs from
Etsy.com & some tattoos. New York

Best Not Glorifying Smoking "We smoke anything that burned. We mixed our pills, cedar bark, coffee grounds and proper vines before substituting this stuff for tobacco - still your own, and we did. This I believe I learned to do. And why I can't give a pipe, better than my living person. From the ground I've been to the sky, I've been to the ground, a good man, a good man, a good man."

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Circled Snapshot

—Charles DeLoe in *CONTEMP*
Robert Altman teaches new
muscle about itself, and us

best Meditation on Modern Racism *by* **Jeffrey S. Gair**
*Don't miss this 1986 essay from the Atlantic that's still
 reading like it was written today. It's a brilliant, sobering
 and deeply informed commentary on the film race
 and the American dream, and on the way
 America's racial identity has changed over the years.*

—From *Them* (Simon & Schuster), by Jon Hanson, a remarkable book about extremist groups such as the Klan and fundamentalist Muslims.



lands would trade Camus' half share—can be, exactly, anyone getting together for a great time and a real cause."

—FROM A PIONEER IN THE ROTARY
IN 1901, HE WAS THE FIRST

There are after dinner drinks



And there's Drambuie.



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1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

DRAMBUITE ON ICE



Four-leaf clover
Katie Couric
Lemony
Pence and
the other
white fluffy
animal

43 REASONS TO BE OPTIMISTIC ABOUT 2002

1. The September will return.
2. Bruce Willis will not go away.
3. The Supremacy doctrine U.S. soccer team will actually win some games in June's World Cup.
4. January is neither a "dreaded month."
5. A midweek sitcom called "ing the funny"—about the ugly backstage life of a puppet show—will debut. (We swear.)
6. Inquire thoughtfully about Kate Winslet as per thirty-one year-less crazy chick they were last year.
7. No one will bring up a "books all year."
8. Lili Stokrup in there it will reach 77 years in 2002.
9. The mystery film will be reviewed.
10. Nestlé Oreo will be promoted to New York in 2002.
11. The body American women (Sandra Bullock, Jennifer Aniston) will be doing their job's side duty at the winter Olympics in—as if it weren't—skating.
12. The 2002 anniversary of the space shuttle will be celebrated.
13. For once, an ex-president who ping-pong will play at the White House.
14. The 2002 anniversary of the moon landing will be celebrated.
15. At least eight times as much of each four professions.
16. Finally a year that's a "superstar."
17. Grammy Awards will be a campaign to break Barry Bonds's home-run record.
18. "The 2002" industry will produce 100,000 tons of beef for you.
19. June in Turkey leaves. March in the United States will soon be toward Italy's anniversary of the Olympic games.
20. A company called L.L. Bean will release a flag with a built-in screen so you can watch the 2002 World Cup on TV in one, get your own little book of poems.
21. The 100-year of the George Washington's birth will be celebrated.
22. On the Road Anniversary by football fields.
23. For once, an ex-president who ping-pong will play at the White House.
24. Jason Statham.
25. The 2002 anniversary of the moon landing will be celebrated.
26. The 2002 anniversary of the moon landing will be celebrated.
27. Jason Statham will be a "superstar."
28. The 2002 anniversary of the moon landing will be celebrated.
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42. The 2002 anniversary of the moon landing will be celebrated.
43. The 2002 anniversary of the moon landing will be celebrated.

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Because sometimes, getting into your car, driving to your favorite store, strolling over to the sales associate, pointing to a page in Esquire, and saying emphatically, "This is exactly what I want," just isn't fast enough.

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- Roll over enlarged image, then click on product
- Connect to advertiser or retail website
- Buy online or get store information



And be sure to explore all of Esquire.com for classic cocktails, sophisticated wardrobes, and other necessities for men of impeccably good taste.



Wartzel's Little Helper Elizabeth Wartzel, author of the pill-popping memoir *Frozen Nation*, has written a new book called *Along, Now, Again*, about her heroin addiction. As a service to the author, Esquire suggests some other pills she might consider becoming addicted to for her next book: Percodan, Xanax, Advil, Clonidine, baby aspirin, Valium, Benign Sobriety (from F. R. Leavis), etc. etc.

Man at His Best Reading

4 Shocking Facts about Mark Twain

It's time to discover all things Twain: his life, his work, his personality, his humor, his legacy. This book is a must-read for anyone who loves to read. It's a collection of 4 shocking facts about Mark Twain, the most famous American writer of the 19th century. It's a collection of 4 shocking facts about Mark Twain, the most famous American writer of the 19th century.

1) "Mark Twain" was just one of his pseudonyms. Among them were Artemus and Clemens and others. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman.

2) Twain was a Thomas Edison wannabe. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman.

3) He had an eccentric personality. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman.

4) Twain was a prolific writer. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman. He was a prolific writer and a successful businessman.



The Best War-time Web Sites

no disrespect to the war, but the war is over. It's time to move on. It's time to move on.

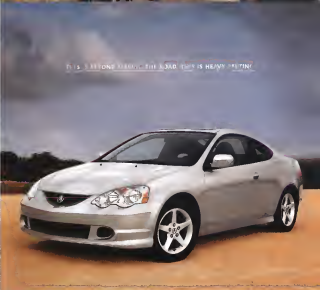
no disrespect to the war, but the war is over. It's time to move on. It's time to move on.

no disrespect to the war, but the war is over. It's time to move on. It's time to move on.

no disrespect to the war, but the war is over. It's time to move on. It's time to move on.



A SHORT REVIEW The wonderful thing about *In the Little World* (Hyperion, \$25) is that it doesn't contain a smidgen of false sympathy. No small feat in a book about dwarfs. Esquire writer at large John H. Richardson has penned a bighorned but brutally honest work—one based on a 1998 article in this magazine—that explores how the "different" deal with the "little." Beginning with his trip to the annual convention of the Little People of America, Richardson finds that he is the different one, inspiring him to further explore this fractious, funnily, and fascinating world. It's a world in which the shorter dwarfs sometimes resent the taller dwarfs, a world with extremely mixed feelings about Richardson's potentially exploitative project, a world that makes one ask the big questions: (What if body is destiny rather than character?) "Dwarfs," Richardson writes, "can bring you down to the basics of what you are."



The all-new 200-hp Acura RSX Type-S. Every last beautiful curve is yours for the taking. With a brand-new 6-speed manual transmission, the RSX is the most exhilarating thing to happen to cars since drive-in movies. Better buckle up, loverboy. **ACURA**

Acura is a brand of cars. Acura RSX Type-S is a car. Acura RSX Type-S is a car. Acura RSX Type-S is a car.

THINGS WE WON'T BE COVERING IN ESQUIRE A new line of obscene plush toys that features the characters *Pornstardus* and *Scotch for the Boys*. **The upcoming animated version of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire***. The planned 2001 *Merlin* anniversary book by Michael. **A new soy-blend vodka**—based on Flavored.

Man at His Best The Merchandise

» The Road Ahead

4 great cars for 2002 by Phil Peterson

» For the Man Who Wants a Piece of History: What is beyond the ultimate driving machine? Ultimate? Ultimate? Already being hailed as the most sophisticated car ever assembled, the BMW 7 Series boasts a V8 that sounds like the Berlin Philharmonic (a V12 will be out later this year) and the world's first completely electronic six-speed automatic transmission. Another brilliant innovation: the Controller, a knob that controls more than 700 functions—including audio and climate—with the wiggle of a pinkie. \$60,000



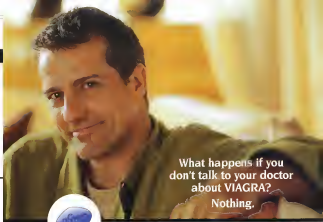
» For the Man Who Brings Home the Groceries: If you feel you're turning into a puttering Mr. Mom, don't despair. The Lexus ES 300 SportCross lets you pick up the Huggies while still preserving a pillar of bachelor manhood: driving way too fast. It's a sports sedan turned wagon with aluminum pedals, a spoiler, and a racing-inspired e-shift that almost tricks you into thinking you're in a rally car. \$32,000



» For the Man Who Likes It Cheap and Fast: What we've got here is a solid economy car on Vitamin Water. For the SVT Focus Ford took its best-selling wee hatchback from last year and jacked it up with extra horsepower, bigger wheels, a sports sus peration, and a touch of chrome on the tailpipes. This zoomy little ride gives you a bucketload of fun without draining your bank account. \$18,000



» For the Man Who Wants to Be Driving Through Tuscany with Monica Bellucci: The Maserati 3200 GT is like an Armchair on wheels—sleek, elegant, classic. After a 20-year slump, Maserati was taken over by Ferrari, which is relaunching the adored GT with a new design by the ingenious Giorgio Giugiaro. With a massive 390-horsepower hood and a design that won't go out of style next year, this is a sports car even for unsporty times. About \$90,000



What happens if you
don't talk to your doctor
about VIAGRA?
Nothing.



When it comes to erection difficulties, such as erectile dysfunction (ED), too many men give their doctors the silent treatment.

But ED is a health condition. It can be linked to things like high blood pressure, high cholesterol, and stress, so doctors are trained to discuss it. In fact, doctors have already prescribed VIAGRA to **more than 9 million men**. Because doctors know that VIAGRA works for most men, no matter what's causing their ED.

So instead of making excuses, make an appointment with your doctor. For more information, call 1-888-4VIAGRA or visit www.viagra.com.

VIAGRA
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Join the millions. Ask your doctor if a free sample is right for you.

VIAGRA is indicated for the treatment of erectile dysfunction. Remember that no medicine is for everyone. If you use nitrate drugs, often used to control chest pain (also known as angina), don't take VIAGRA. This combination could cause your blood pressure to drop to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

Discuss your general health status with your doctor to ensure that you are healthy enough to engage in sexual activity. If you experience chest pain, nausea, or any other discomforts during sex or an erection that lasts longer than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less commonly, bluish vision, blurred vision, or sensitivity to light may briefly occur.

Please see patient summary of information for VIAGRA (20 mg, 40 mg, 60 mg) tablets on the following page.

VIAGRA

This summary contains important information about VIAGRA. It is not intended to replace your doctor's advice. You may want to discuss this information with your doctor. You may want to discuss this information with your doctor.

This medicine can help you get started on your journey to a better life. It can help you get started on your journey to a better life. It can help you get started on your journey to a better life. It can help you get started on your journey to a better life.

What is VIAGRA?
VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction (ED). It is not intended to replace your doctor's advice. You may want to discuss this information with your doctor.

How this affects the body
VIAGRA works by increasing blood flow to the penis. It is not intended to replace your doctor's advice. You may want to discuss this information with your doctor.

How VIAGRA works
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What VIAGRA does
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VIAGRA
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Man at His Best The Answer Falls

Flag Etiquette, Manly Ear Wax & How to Survive a Punch

ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions. Having that in mind, ask Esquire's Answer Fella if he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who he guesses that sounds right.



Oh, yeah, I'm famous with cause

What's the best way to take a punch?

Answer: First, ask if you're in any danger.

Smiley Cyce, a former right-handyweight and current weight champion who now serves as a boxing adviser for the Olympics.

"If your chin's tucked in, down toward your chest, your chin is a much less movable target at you than if it's out and away from you."

"If your chin's tucked in, down toward your chest, your chin is a much less movable target at you than if it's out and away from you."

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"Don't tell anything in your ear that is smaller than your elbow." Or, in other words, all questions that are right inside your ear are inside your elbow. It's a shot for your right ear.

What is the origin of the flag in the flag?

The answer is that the flag is the flag. It's a shot for your right ear.

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Man's world of health and wellness has found a new home. It's a place where you can find everything you need to stay healthy and happy. It's a place where you can find everything you need to stay healthy and happy.



BE WELL DRESSED: This month's picks for what to buy, where to buy it, and how to make it your own.

The Style Guide The Essential



Vicious Cycle

This month's must-have is part bomber, part motorcycle jacket, part trench coat. The style was originally created in the 1950s by first motorcycle-riding outdoors, Schott, which called it the Trunkster and sold it as wind cotton and then leather (which often weighed more than the coat it came from). The latest versions, from a handful of revisionist designers, aren't as comfortable-cut from a softer, more lightweight leather that works just as well on the streets as it does on the road of a Triumph. Laidler jacket (\$3,950) by Gucci.

Four Ways to Wear a Vest

» » » »



Rugged

A vest is a great way to add a touch of ruggedness to a sophisticated outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of ruggedness to a sophisticated outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of ruggedness to a sophisticated outfit.



Sophisticated

A vest is a great way to add a touch of sophistication to a rugged outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of sophistication to a rugged outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of sophistication to a rugged outfit.



Classic

A vest is a great way to add a touch of classic style to a modern outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of classic style to a modern outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of classic style to a modern outfit.



Modern

A vest is a great way to add a touch of modern style to a classic outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of modern style to a classic outfit. The vest is a great way to add a touch of modern style to a classic outfit.

Saving Your Hide

Just a few more weeks and the weather will be in the 40s and 50s. That's why it's time to start thinking about the new season's wardrobe. The Style Guide is your go-to source for the latest in men's fashion. It's the only place you'll find all the information you need to stay on top of the latest trends. So, what are you waiting for? Start your new season wardrobe today.

The Style Guide Suede Blazers for Any Budget



The Classic Tans

HOW LEFT: From left, the tan blazer is made of suede, the dark brown blazer is made of suede, and the light brown blazer is made of suede.



The New Grays and Blues

HOW LEFT: From left, the gray blazer is made of suede, the dark blue blazer is made of suede, and the light brown blazer is made of suede.

Style Agenda

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS



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Every year 1.5 million people will sustain traumatic brain injury. There are currently 5.5 million Americans living with a disability as a result of such injuries. IAC GROUP, an Italian fashion collective, has created special \$10 T-shirts to raise money for the Brain Injury Association of New York State. All of the proceeds from these T-shirts will be donated to this organization. To purchase a shirt or simply make a donation please call 212 750 2880, log on to www.bicny.com, or mail a check to: The Brain Injury Association of New York State, P.O. Box 2308, New York, NY 10108.



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(The Portfolio)

A MAN AND HIS MONEY



BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE

Demand is low, supply high, prices cheap. So why do so many companies seize on tough times to hold a fire sale?

By Ken Kurson

WHEN I FANTASIZE about how I'd run the world—which I do frequently—I choose for myself the role of benevolent dictator. The idea is that I'd be able to do what's best for the world without having to answer to fickle voters. My bold initiatives would never get bogged down in committee meetings or be diluted by the need to form consensus. I'd rule by fiat, not focus group. It'd be so... much like a private company: Fidelity Investments, Mars, Inc., Bloomberg LP—all of these companies stand free from the relentless short-term focus of individual investors and noisy institutional holders. My theory holds that this enables them to make the lionhearted moves I've

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MORE TO CHOOSE FROM ON OTHER SIDE. →

McCabe and Mrs. Kael



IT WAS JUST OVER a quarter century ago that Robert Altman made "the ultimate Altman movie"—and the late Pauline Kael saw fit, no kidding, to compare to Joyce's *Ulysses*. What stuck in some people's crania was that her "review" was blatant special pleading—or special bullying: since she was daughter New Yorker pauper to drink for Nashville before she or anyone knew whether it would even reach theaters. It did, of course, and over time, I've been feeling Altman's central, a useful cut of intellectual skepticism. Whereas someone informs me that the crowned headless sword of don-built Americana is a masterpiece, I can feel the conversation sink like a torpedoneer ocean liner, because far as it's got contempt for people was the beginning of disillusionment.

At the time, I was in my teens and cared more about movies than anything except getting laid; you can probably guess which interest generally stayed hypothetical. Along with Coppola, Scorsese, and Sam Peckinpah, Altman was the Man as far as I and my one-building friends, who weren't getting any info, were concerned. The showed-minded issue upon of MTV's "Whorehouse" rehash was the style we most wanted to emulate, and we scooped the screen version, aka *Miramax's Neighborhood* to us. Who wanted to be Alan Alda?

As if to prove that these practitioners didn't make to loans, not that we had much needed long talks for them, Altman had gone on to direct McCabe & Mrs. Kael, which was the most purely beautiful movie-world messiness. Next came the offensively standard *The Long Goodbye*, which turned Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe into a jumpy, spacy loser and is shown in the kind of outrageous take as a legend that instantly becomes the new definition of nonconformist data.

On top of that, every hunch from Pauline Kael's typewriter was pretty much

holy writ to me then. On my around it, folks, that old old bit in the room I do what I do. Thanks to parents who, please, by now that neither's aim would probably end up as one of my last-by-math, gone was *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* for my fourteenth birthday, she was the first heroine I ever had. In other words, when I came out of Nashville one night in 1975, I had a lot riding on coming myself into being that I'd just seen something great, but by summer's end, I was addressing—though only to myself, that was heresy—that I'd liked *Jane* a lot more.

To many of my now middle-aged colleagues, it's still heresy. The reason Nashville remains a love letter for them is that it was the celebration of the last mythic period in American movie-making of unfettered, delicious genius that they remember flowering between the line-station breakdown of the studio system and the rise of blockbuster

genre entertainments while more than half a decade later. Because Altman ended up as the most marginal of the culture-less seventies directors until 1992's *The Player* brought him back, he cuts a legend of unspectacular greatness around, he's the sweetest-looking Oscar Wilde of cinematicized filmmaking. The larger fable goes the other way, we lived in movie paradise, with one bold masterpiece after another expressing a public frolic willing to grow up. Then George Lucas named everything by transposing the student scholastic again, abashed by a crisis in destiny that turned off the money tap for the visionaries in need of the receipts for *Jaws* Wars rolled in.

As a product of this era, I can say that just about the only part the north gets right is that it really was a wonderful time to go to the movies—if, that is, you were part of the relative landfill quavering up for *Mean Streets* rather than the ho-hum

working to see *Airport*, *Khartoum*, *The Towering Inferno*, or *The Exorcist*. At the time, my friends and I knew we had to catch the movies, as we were excited about that, before they flopped. Sure, there were exceptions, but the notion that the seventies rush was a great popular phenomenon is really only borne out by a single, ornate, machine—the combined artistic and commercial peak expressed by the first two *Godfather* films. Even if that, it's worth noting that *Part II* didn't sell as many tickets in 1974, not of *Godfather* films who wanted more crime-finally snuff-watch long-long were turned off by what they recognized, correctly, as a rather melodramatic, elegant art film. The reason I know is that we looked down on them.

It's true that the audience for movies at odds with commercial routine halved larger than does now. But the real difference was that its members were more confident that their tastes were where the

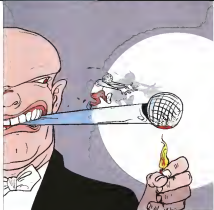
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Mo' News Is Bad News

HERE'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT: Times have changed. Deppanact has been clanking the entertainment industry just as much as it has the rest of the world. A few weeks ago, AOL Time Warner CEO Dick Parsons tried to rally the troops with an e-mail quoting C. S. Lewis during World War II ("When our life has always been lived on the edge of a precipice"). Disney chairman Michael Eisner backed up "fellow cat members" by pointing out that not only President Bush but the gospel evangelist Lee Smith had endorsed Americans to visit the theme parks. And Ted Turner—he admitted that he was known out and in need of auditions.

Television feels are even more jumpy. Psychologically at least, there has been an awareness of the old industry history of Molotov, which had been considered a liability of late because they don't produce reliable returns, are suddenly looking relatively steady, especially with studios starting to reap millions from DVD releases. Televi-

sion, once the mighty engine of profit, is squinting.

Disney president Bob Iger declared that the networks were "at the tipping point" before September 11. In the following week, there were viewers, viewers, everywhere, and not a drop of profit. The networks lost hundreds of millions of dollars in canceled advertising when they went to all-news formats and have since spent hundreds of millions more in meeting news costs. Now Iger and others say programming expenses must be slashed. The message is clear: If television is under attack, it is going to suck even harder in the wake of the attacks.

But what's most worrying is not the trying times but that bad programming is likely to get worse. (After all, we've always watched a lot of garbage, and look how well we've turned out.) The scary question is what has happened—and what will happen—to news coverage, because while many analysts

were heaping praise on the networks for their goddamn reporting, there is no doubt that the corporate chieftains were intently watching the meter run.

Network news may seem invaluable in times of crisis, but its worth is hard to appreciate for those who think exclusively in terms of the bottom line. And that is how the majority of the big companies that own these divisions—General Electric (which owns NBC), AOL Time Warner (CNN), Viacom (CBS), Disney (ABC), and News Corp. (Fox)—tend to view the world. "I don't think there's anybody left who's got a news legacy running these networks," says former Viacom chief executive Frank Biondi.

The news divisions are now little pieces of big machines, and the people who run

those big machines are hardly news jockers. "All these companies have fallen into the hands of guys who couldn't care less about [news] and are dealing with it because it's a hangover from design past," says Larry Grossman, who was president of NBC News in the mid-eighties and frequently tangled with his boss at General Electric.

"Jack Welch reads the New York Post every morning," he continues scornfully. "I don't like the idea of news, and he's proud of it." As far as I'm concerned, Jack Welch was an embarrassment.

Such an appraisal would not be likely to upset Welch. In his recent book, he took time to disparage Grossman, whom he bumped off as due course. He re-emphasized his annoyance after Grossman proposed an increase in spending soon after GE took over NBC in 1986. "He thought it was dangerous to talk about costs with some business suits," Welch complained. "We opened under the theory that networks should lose money while covering news in the name of journalistic integrity."

Welch's lowest wound is doubt that a sympathetic listener in Michael Eisner. A longtime high-level ABC executive says that sometime after separating the network, Eisner "actually looked at ways to get out of the network news business." He didn't try it, but there's no doubt that Disney and the others would love to use on their news expenditures any means necessary—as long as they can escape total collapse while they're at it.

In the wake of the attacks, the urge to cut back has been temporarily suppressed. And a top-level Disney executive concedes that the company recognizes that it's "necessary" to bring viewers the news. But why, he wonders with an alarming tone deafness, does each network need a correspondent in Kabul? "You could have one guy," he says. "We pay fortunes news services? That's gathering a fact gathering."

Fact gathering is fact gathering? If a single poll reporter had been the only one covering the White House, Nixon would still be president. And remember what happened after all the networks made money by getting election results tele-

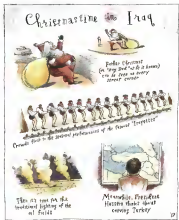
vised by the White House Bureau? "The one source they had was wrong," Grossman says. "If they start paying, you get only one perspective. And if that perspective is wrong, you're a dead duck."

What surprised the networks about the days after September 11 was that rather than flocking to CNN, MSNBC, and Fox, viewers turned to the familiar faces that now constitute the Mount Rushmore of the news business—Rather, Brokaw, and Jennings.

And they didn't let their confidence down, staying on the air until it seemed that they might come unglued. But it wasn't just about television or machines. When NBC put Brian Williams on the air, says

a network executive, it wasn't good for business. "Four friends, the affiliates, don't like the way cable anchors" he explains. "Tom Brokaw and Don Rather and Peter Jennings are more trusted than anyone the cable networks can throw up on the screen." (Of course, all three are baldheads from a time when the news divisions cultivated talent and the network bench was a lot deeper.)

It was a powerful demonstration of the importance of network news, not just in disseminating information but in working the nation during a time of extraordinary anxiety. The point apparently won't be lost on the network leaders, who continued Rather and Brokaw to be



The Industry

targets is worthy as Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle.

Although it would be nice to think that the owners, too, appreciate their news operations—especially at a time when reporters are putting their lives on the line—the phrase “public trust” still sounds more like a slogan. Mary Maguire, associate dean of the USC Annenberg School for Communication, says the government has gone as far as the business of enforcing any public interest requirement that the idea seems positively quaint. “You have to teach people that once upon a time, stations had to do A, B, and C to receive their licenses,” he says.

In the days when *60 Minutes* ran CBS, says Tom Rosenfield, editor in chief for the network in Journalism, there was a perception that the news had a value beyond immediate profits. “They believed if you had the classic news outfit there was a spinoff,” he says. “The notion that CBS was *Tiffany* came from Edward R. Murrow.” Since then, the biggest success in news were all the result of someone’s willingness to take a big risk. “*60 Minutes* took ten years before it made a profit,” Rosenfield says. “CBS didn’t lose for 20 years.”

The companies that operate the news divisions don’t break out financial data, but analyst Tom Watson of Standard & Cramer & Co. estimates that in a normal year they spend upwards of \$450 million each on their news operations. And excluding the astronomical price-tag newscasters charge, the major broadcast networks are losing money or barely breaking even on news.

As a result, the networks have been adding costs, and in the process using foreign bureaus more heavily. After estimating the network figures it might “lose a day” by printing personnel on the ground as in this spot. But they report losses that you don’t just put into Kabul and get yourself oriented by stomping the Kabul guide. “The way is that you can penetrate into operations,” Gossman says. “There are no bureaus in Africa, no bureaus in Latin America.”

used to be the centerpiece, was hard news and news gathering. Now the news divisions run on a combination of news and entertainment programs.

Even before the attacks, a couple of networks were exploring the idea of saving money by forming a partnership with CNN. It’s a deal that makes sense for ABC or CBS, neither of which has a cable service that can help defray the cost of news coverage. But even at CNN, the original source of nothing but news, the trend wasn’t good. First, the network installed a television actress as an anchor. And then CNN—long proud to emphasize free-of-charge and fresh journalism (“CNN is talking to me,” Linsbaugh told his audience, “I’m listening”).

Meanwhile, the network was failing to retain longtime Moscow correspondent Steve Harrigan’s calls about his contract, which expired last May. Following the September 11 attacks, CNN dispatched Harrigan to Afghanistan (without a contract). Once there, he started negotiating with the white he was hanging with the Northern Alliance. But it was still chattering over having urged Harrigan at the appropriate moment. In fairness, CNN already had correspondence on the ground in Afghanistan while Fox had signed up all of them. But the idea of a CNN writer with a license in Russia and a Ph.D. from Yale could be left vulnerable to phony by a fringe company simply because he’s never been to the ground. “We have started both news operations since before the attacks. I think in the next month, the damage had been done by letting him hang in the wind for three and a half months after having been [at CNN] for ten years,” says his agent, Steve Likier.

No wonder *60 Minutes* is depressed. Of late, CNN president Walter Isaacson, who has been again, “The most attacked” of all of them, has been told by the New York Times a couple weeks after the Twin Towers collapsed, “It’s injected a sense of real seriousness. And the things we think of doing to these things are pale in comparison to the importance of doing this story seriously and reliably.”

It would be interesting to think that that is heartless and not just a reflection of an “I’m far from the scene” attitude. But

not long after CNN was supposed to have signed its focus, Isaacson states that he’s not surprised by the ratings—there’s no secret. The network was quickly laughed off in its attempt to retain exclusive rights to video from Afghanistan that it acquired from the Arabnews channel. Al Jazeera was not convinced for its dubious attempt to “interview” Osama bin Laden by proxy.

But even if Isaacson is sincere in his conviction, there’s a strong suspicion that his bosses don’t need to regain their focus because it’s still where it always was on the bottom line. For the moment, the networks will do what they have to, though probably not much more.

As soon as they could manage it after the attacks—even as military actions increased abroad and another security one at home—the networks relied on intuition they could pay in and out of quickly and dismissed any challenge to their judgment as a bunch of high-minded whining. “*CBS News* is no longer the national conscience that it once was with Edward R. Murrow,” asserts a high-level Viacom executive. “Then, you only had a couple of networks. Now you could turn on seventeen different networks and get the news. And yet when we put on a football game, someone in the press writes, ‘How dare they!’” It’s worth asking, “How dare people?”

So what’s next? Don’t bother doing the evening news in a “Target 2-hour” if the networks all do the same thing and the material thing, there’s going to be no lesson learned,” Rosenfield says.

Then, as before September 11, all that will stand between the owners and their news divisions will be the personal power of the network’s aging stars. “If the news divisions were or seemed in Los Angeles, they’d get rid of them,” says a high-level NBC executive. “They’re all hanging out with Tom and Katie and Peter. They all get off on it to a huge way. I know this better than I know my son. No one will just get out of a business when you are connected to Barbara Walters’ son. I don’t want to be a secretary of mine. That’s how Dave Sawyer [ABC News chief] David Wright swapped—it’s the dinner party.”

IT TOOK YEARS TO GET HERE, AND TOO MANY MISSED WARNINGS. BUT IN AFGHANISTAN, THIS IS WHAT WE’VE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO.

War

BY CHARLES M. BENNETT

>>>>



near the mass graves of the Taliban. Only the graves of the Taliban are marked by flags and the graves of refugees, as far as the eye can see.

Life in the Graveyard

ARTILLERY FIRE RUMBLES LIKE THUNDER in the hills above the Kōnduz River in northern Afghanistan. The peak horses up their way down into the rocky scrubland and wade in, the rushing water soaking my legs. On a saddle of barley stuffed with hay and dripping rain of fried soap, I do my best to hold on. The outgoing military rumbles again, and a cloud of dust rises in a 100-foot shell lands on a barren, damp-colored peak. The horse strain against the current, washed by the churning. Along the fertile river valley, farmers have potatoes carved from tree branches and laid lay around them. They do not look up from their work.

Repeating the front, we swing single file up a steep path, staying out of the line of sniper fire. I am a Northern Alliance trooper who wears and a local command-er lives near the border of Tajikistan. Just across a valley and up on a higher ridge lies the Taliban and Osama bin Laden’s holy warriors.

It is October. The Americans will be going into this in a few days. In an abandoned village of mud-brick homes that hang just below us in the valley, machine-gun fire cracks. An armed personnel carrier rolls down, kicking up dust. An incoming shell. Closer the view. The earth vibrates like the skin of a drum. We take cover in a trench that reeks of herbs, the smell of dirt and sweat and mud and sandbags and cigarette

burns and coconuts and spent .50-caliber machine-gun casings.

A young Northern Alliance officer, Osman Mohammad, in our grade. Looking a clip into his Russian-made Dragunov sniper rifle, he proclaims it up against the day, why don’t the truth and less forward, squaring through the scope.

“There is the Taliban. And there are members of Al Qaeda on that hill,” he says. “There, you can see their head scarves. Black-and-white head scarves. Right there.”

His words and hands are the rifle. “Do you want to take a shot?” he asks.

I look through the scope. There are small human figures in the crowd on the

Everywhere, reminders of what happened to the last invading empire. At the airfield, Russian tanks lie flipped over in the dust.

War

happened against a face grown of dust. I can't see the turbine, but Osama wants they are there. I think and try to adjust my eye. A face comes to mind, a warm smile. She was my neighbor in Gloucesters, Massachusetts, a beautiful young woman named Nellie Casey and her husband, Mike, had become friends at a time when life in the open barrens of 1990s America was unfolding before us with new houses, new cars, new babies. Nellie was aboard American Airlines flight 11 on September 11.

I become aware of my finger on the trigger, tightening it.

I hand the gun back to Osman. He gives me an insolent grin. "Why you are not shooting Mr. Kahran?"

IT BEGAN WITH an explosion while I was sitting lunch at a diner in lower Manhattan. I walked toward the sound of strained low the smoke rising out of the parking garage of the World Trade Center. It was February 26, 2001, and I was working as a reporter for the New York Daily News. I was there when the first-flying string lights that outlined a lower-story carport under one of the towers. Maybe a transformer or a gas explosion, a cop said. A helicopter driver descended on the scene as the disaster-response team realized that it could only have been a bomb. A hot bomb.

There were 80 cops in New York there to monitor in Brooklyn and Jersey City, as to Egypt's Upper Nile and the Sudanese capital, Khartoum, to the goddess of the desert and the wild of Palestine and the rising violence and despair of Gaza and the north, Afghanistan. All along the way, the path kept coming back to Osama bin Laden. It's easier to see that now, harder when I was tracing the path. That the plot of the World Trade Center attack did not succeed in toppling the towers, and that so many people were killed, made the bombing a New York story, not a national crisis. Just tracking the suspects became my job.

FROM AN OLD Russian plane, the wind and mud made the terrain of Afghanistan look like the ocean floor in a ripple. The



The earth is rubble and smoke. A captured Taliban fighter is led to the jeep in which he is hurt.

pilot bounces the wheels down on a bombed-out tank that has been potted over with short metal, and there is a loud bang and a screeching. This is the Freedom aircraft—built by the Soviets, captured by the mujahideen, bought over by various warlords in the civil war and now under the control of the Northern Alliance. The back end of the engine plane opens onto the runway like the jaw of a skull, and we are up into Afghanistan, weight down by backpacks and satellite telephone. The airfield is littered with reminders of what happened to the last invading empire. All around, Russian tanks lie flipped over in the dust. Bombs, bombed-out carcasses of armored personnel carriers dot the landscape. Craters, spent rockets, splashed ammunition boxes, broken-down, dust-green jeeps, and parts of a long-ditched aircraft carrier put into the runway.

And there, starting out from these ruins, an eight-group of maybe twenty men and boys from a group of Afghan tribes—long beards, and brown woolen turbans—step past out to us with hollow stares. They don't approach. They have no idea if we are invading American troops or American journalists, or really what the difference would be. My British colleagues have stuffed into their rucksacks books that will refresh their knowledge of the leg-

endary slaughter of British troops in the Hindu Kush in the nineteenth century. Backyard talking called the place the Great Game and wrote of the empire that was built for its resources and its strategic position. I just got here, but it seems the scene at this airport might offer a grim lesson in it, for America, I'm not sure, is what Kipling wrote when he called it a game. I have notes what happened rules are and a lot to learn about to players.

SPRING 1983. The reports in the World Trade Center bombing were mostly out doors—Joan Kilgore, the *Starline*, the West End—based together by their experience as veterans of his Ladder's Arab brigades that fought alongside the mujahideen. They were inspired by the photographs of a blind Egyptian cleric named Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman. One day I ended up in a crowded, twenty-second-story mosque in Brooklyn, listening to Rahman. The room was hushed in great light, so the windows were painted a soft blue, so the windows were painted a soft blue, so there was no sun. "The walls of America will perish in me," and the kids were waiting for the end of the world. Of course, the Harvard Islamic theology. He had said, upon America's backing of "the jihad," Egypt's president Hosni Mubarak. After the bombing, Rahman's followers were sent to New York to help, especially the

Palestinian suspect, Mohammed Salameh, who had wandered back into the same Ryder truck-rental office in Jersey City where he had rented the truck that carried the bomb. He was descending his deposit back to the FBI swamped in New York and read their newspaper on the subway, satisfied that this man with his wild beard and his Ray-Bans and his one-bit tattoos couldn't touch the greatest city in the world. No matter that Rahman would soon be indicted and that the lead suspect, Ramzi Yousef, had escaped to Palestine.

THIS RUSSIAN JEEP grows and creeps over pocked roads like a wooden shell on rough soil as we go deeper into Afghanistan. It arrives in Quetta, Qila, a town of mud-brick houses and refugee camps, where I meet the local commander, Major Hassan, a respected fighter against the Soviets who now heads up a militia of two thousand men.

In his compound, shaded by acacia trees and lined with carefully posted guardposts, some men are cleaning an anti-aircraft gun, as periscope out in the courtyard. Russian lives here with his family and his soldiers.

I am invited by Hassan to bed down in a mud-brick barracks. We eat meals on the floor, gathered around a plastic pot. They consist of corn bread, yogurt, and rice, and sometimes small pieces of ground-meat. We drink endless cups of green tea. I sleep on the floor among the commanders. With the shift in the weather, most of the men have heavy coats that give the place the feel of a tuberculosis ward. In the mid-morning, a young soldier steps at night, shed to a hazy rainstorm as an old truck battery. One morning, Hassan rallies off to survey a military movement in a display of honor for the heads of the nation. The Northerners, in spite of the fact that the world is ready to see why field there is a column of armored fighters, twenty tanks, twenty-five armored personnel carriers, eight heavy-artillery pieces, and an anti-aircraft gun. The tanks are favored with powers of the Northern Alliance's recently assembled commander,



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[Durban]

South Africa's second-most populous city, Durban is a coastal metropolis on the Indian Ocean. It is known for its vibrant culture, diverse population, and beautiful beaches. The city is a major hub for trade and industry, and it is also a popular tourist destination. Durban is home to many world-class hotels, restaurants, and shopping centers. The city is also known for its beautiful beaches and its vibrant nightlife. Durban is a city of contrasts, with a mix of modern and traditional architecture, and a mix of different cultures and languages. Durban is a city that is always changing and growing, and it is a city that is full of life and energy.

Esquire Style



[Buenos Aires]

Buenos Aires is the capital and largest city of Argentina. It is a coastal city located on the Río de la Plata, which is a large body of water that separates the city from Uruguay. Buenos Aires is known for its vibrant culture, diverse population, and beautiful architecture. The city is a major hub for trade and industry, and it is also a popular tourist destination. Buenos Aires is home to many world-class hotels, restaurants, and shopping centers. The city is also known for its beautiful beaches and its vibrant nightlife. Buenos Aires is a city of contrasts, with a mix of modern and traditional architecture, and a mix of different cultures and languages. Buenos Aires is a city that is always changing and growing, and it is a city that is full of life and energy.





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Esquire What I've Learned

1,000 YEARS' WORTH
OF WISDOM AND WILD
FOOLISHNESS FROM
17 EXTRAORDINARY
LIVES

"Second place is really the first loser" - GEORGE STEINBERNEN "My favorite color is chocolate." - HOMER SIMPSON "If everybody knew the truth about everybody else's thoughts, there'd be way more murders." - GEORGE CARRIN "Modesty is an overrated virtue." - JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH "Of the five most important things in life, health is first, education or knowledge is second, and wealth is third. I forget the other two." - CHUCK BERRY "A good ensemble—te and suspender—should be about \$300." - LARRY KING "Resentment is like drinking poison and waiting for the other person to die." - CAROL FISHER "Monopoly? What's that?" - JACQUARD BRANSON "Why leave the car you got for one you don't know?" - LORETTA LYNN "If not for me, the H-bomb would have been developed in Russia first. In the U.S., we'd now be speaking Russian." - EDWARD TELLER



George Steinbrenner

Owner, New York Yankees, 71, New York City

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 For 24 years Steinbrenner has been the most powerful owner in sports.
 When he's not at the office, he's at the ballpark.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED INTERVIEWED BY CAT FULMER

If you haven't got a hamster pet, you'd be pulling your share
I'd try anyone to eat a powdered jelly doughnut without getting some of it on them. One time it
 scope me from crying
Before every home World Series game, I walk the restrooms of Yankee Stadium to make sure
 they're clean.

It kills me to sing the national anthem.
There are few people who can say they're the only one. My dad was one of those people. He
 was the first four German. Very strong-minded. He went to MIT. Not only was he at the top of
 his class with insurance class, but he was the only national collegiate champion MIT ever had—
 an outstanding hurdler. He pushed me to strive for excellence. If I competed in five races and
 won four, we talked about the one I lost.

My mother was Irish. She couldn't do enough good for others. If I have any strain in me that
 drives me to try to help others, that's where it comes from.

What do I have about my wife? Well, she's put up with me all these years. And I'm not an easy
 person to live with.

Don't just drink from the gymnasium fountain. Drink from every fountain on campus.
When you're entrusted with a tradition, you've got to protect it.

My dad never let me have an allowance. He gave me chickens. I had to feed them, gather the
 eggs, and sell them. I kept chickens. I had to raise it like a business. When I went off to military
 school, I sold the business to my sister for two weeks, and they haven't lived since then.

It's not right to say "Dead Darby" Strawberry to guess "What did he do?" Did he hold up a gun
 action? Did he shoot anybody? He has a nickname. A disease. You can't tell it to stop. If you
 want to go after people, go after the goddamn people who're selling the stuff.

Robert Merrill will sing the national anthem at Yankee Stadium as long as he can move.

What happened in Cleveland will eventually happen to Yankee Stadium. We grow. We
 can hold on as tradition in certain ways, but we can't hold on in all of a forever. Look at the
 rest of the stadium. They're not good enough anymore. I go to the World Series at
 Yankee Stadium and see a long line of guys waiting to get into the back room. Waiting? All I
 can do is say, "Hey, guys, hang tough."

I don't want some Yankee with long hair. I don't go for that crap.
Surviving people sweat away through you to part of sports. I've had my share of it. They pay
 their money, they can say what they want.

Don't ever get so serious that you can't laugh at yourself.

When it comes to hiring, number one for me is loyalty. I want someone who's devoted to the task.
Why should there be any such thing as a kid "rule" in the country? If they're not risk, then
 we're not doing our job.

The rate of the price is determined by the speed of the leader.

New Yorkers are strong people. They've got to fight in the morning to get a job. They go to a
 lunch place at noon, they gotta fight to get a table or a stool off the counter. You have to get
 the city a team that's filled with leaders.

Joe Torre is special to me. He was fired as three games before we had him. The Mets had
 fired him. People said he didn't know what he was doing. There was a headline in the Daily
 News: CALLEJUE JOE. I never let him forget that.

If I can help, it's a nice help.

Fitzton had his shortcomings. He couldn't get along with the others. But everytime they get
 in trouble, would they turn to?

Second place is really the first loser.

Honora's outstanding. The kid in Texas is great. Jeter's great. They're all the type of young
 player we need in baseball. Everybody has his own opinion. But Jeter fits the Yankee mold.
 Maybe he doesn't fit as many home runs alone of them. Maybe he doesn't make plays in the
 field like the other. But he is a Yankee. He is a winner. When it's on the line, he always comes
 through. Jeter is the guy for us.

I never ask a man to work harder than I work.

The ability to have in you you can do things for others. If you can do things for others who are
 less fortunate, that it will come back to you.

My grandchildren can get away with anything around me.

There are people who probably call me Boss as a joke. But most of the people who call me
 that, it's respect.

Lead, follow, or get the hell out of the way.



WHAT IS HIS WORLD?

Interviewed by Larry Green

George Carlin

Comedian, 64, Venice, California

I was in my mother's belly as she sat in the writing room of the short-story office. The telephone was his only comfort. I was fifty feet from the champagne, and also saw a painting on the wall that reminded her of her mother, who had recently died. She took that as a sign to have the baby. That's what I tell kids.

My father drank and was a bully. For the first five years of my brother's life, my father beat him with a leather-headed slipper. And I have subjected to that kind of treatment, all bets are off. His abuse ruined my life.

My mother had great executive-secretarial jobs in the advertising/business and raised two boys during the Second World War. She used to say, "I make a man's salary." That's her motto.

I'm sure Hitler was great with his family.

I used to collect the most awful names I heard and write the index. I actually carried it in my wallet things like "squat cunt" and "berly headsmouth cocklesher" and "longhair looking meene prick," which was a thing Mickey Flynn yelled at a Harvard student that he was looking in the hand.

I don't like authority and regulation, and I do my best to disrespect it, but I do that for myself. It's self-expression only. Sex without love has its place, and it's pretty cool, but when you have it hand in hand with deep commitment and respect and caring, it's one thousand times better.

It's morally wrong to tell anyone, then it's morally wrong to tell anyone. Period.

It's amusing to me that literacy isn't considered a right.

I was arrested for possession and cultivation of marijuana in the early '70s, and it was thrown out. The judge asked me how I felt about it, and I said, "I understand the law, and I want you to know I'll pay the fine, but I cannot guarantee I will not break this law again." The judge chewed me out for that.

Generosity that comes from the outside assumes that people are unable to make reasoned choices.

The first thing they teach kids is that there's a God—an invisible man in the sky who is watching what they do and who is displeased with some of it. There's no mystery why they start that with kids, because if you can get someone to believe that, you can sell me anything you want.

I would die for the safety of the people I love.

I wish that we could measure how much the potential of the mind to expand has been stunted by television.

Because of my abuse of drugs, I neglected my business affairs and had huge arguments with the IRS, and that took me eight years to twenty years to dig out of. I did it honorably, and I don't brag about them. I don't hate paying taxes, and I'm not angry at anyone, because I was complicit in it. But I'll tell you what it did for me: It made me a way better comedian. Because I had to step out on the road and I couldn't pursue that movie career, which would have gone nowhere, and I became a really good comic and a really good writer.

I stopped using when I stopped taking drugs. I believe both of those acts are closely related to debilitated behavior. There's no morality in lawless. It doesn't have a conscience. It has only the crude register. They'll tell you, "crappy things that you don't want." That don't work, that they won't stand behind. It's a glorified sign from a criminal behavior.

If everybody knew the truth about everybody else's thoughts, there would be way more murders.

There's nothing wrong with high taxes on high income.

Lenny Bruce opened all the doors, and people like Richard Pryor and I were able to walk through them.

Given the right reasons and the right two people, marriage is a wonderful way of experiencing your life. I think that the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King showed that all of the wishing and hoping and holding hands and hawking and signing petitions and being on envelopes is a bit futile.

Blacks are deliberately kept down. Poor communities are deliberately underfunded.

I don't think people should get credit for being honest and brave. I think there's a lot of genetic that going on there.

Someday they'll find a gene for putting on your own suit.

There's a pub in New York, even on the quietest street, on the quietest day it's full of potential.

If there's ever a golden age of mankind, it will not include men over two hundred pounds beating children who are less than one hundred pounds, and it will not include the deliberate killing of people on a formal setting.

I did something in a previous life that must have been spectacularly good, because I'm getting paid in this life just as frequently, more than me, would dare imagine or hope for.

John Kenneth Galbraith

Economist, ambassador, professor, 93, Cambridge, Massachusetts

A good rule of conversation: I never answer a foolish question.

Giving an opinion that people don't want to hear can work both ways. If it's a person you like, it can be very hard. If it's a person for whom you have a major dislike, it can be extremely enjoyable.

My mother died when I was very young, and my father was the dominant force in the family. It's sad here in Ontario, he would have been called a political boss. In good Galbraith fashion, he took his entrance for granted. The most important lesson I received from him was that the Galbraiths had no natural commitment to political adroitness.

I never hope I might quite a few times a day. I don't wish to add to the misery of life.

For my sensible person, money is one thing, a major liberating force and a great convenience. It's devastating to those who have no mind to make else.

Modesty is an overrated virtue.

One of the characteristic features of John F. Kennedy was his wonderful commitment to the truth. We had breakfast together on the day I left to be ambassador to India in 1961. The New York Times was on the table and quite was a story on the front page about the new ambassador to India. Kennedy pointed to it and said, "What do you think of that story?" which, as you can see, I had read. It wasn't unfavorable. I said I liked it right but I didn't see why they had to call me arrogant. Kennedy said, "I don't see why not. Everybody else does."

I have no capacity to cook. It's a field of ignorance which I have carefully cultivated.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was good on great issues or small. A great writer. A great politician. He presided over both. His questions about it—his person who must respect me. In my life, he had no close competitor.

I met Winston Churchill once. I went to a gathering where he was and I was right for a discussion on European union. I was particularly impressed by the way his wife grabbed his arm every time he reached for another drink.

I've always thought that true goodness requires one to use and comment upon the ridiculous.

Kitty and I were married in 1937. No question—there is a secret to maintaining a marriage over time. Each partner must systematically subvert himself or herself to the other. That is the only formula for a happy marriage.

It is good to have friends whom you don't agree with. Temporarily. But it has always been my purpose to get them to change their minds.

I have managed most of my life to exclude religious speculation from my mode of thought. I've found that, on the whole, it does very little to economies.

The terrible truth with which we must all contend is that the day may come when nuclear arms fall under the control of some idiot somewhere in the world. And that will be the day of reckoning.

I've long been an admirer of Adam Smith, who's pretty praised by conservatives—who unfortunately have never read him. They would be shocked to find some of the things Smith advocates.

Strong government, to some extent, is a response to huge problems.

In richer countries such as ours, I want to see everybody stand on a basic income.

Kennedy sent me to Vietnam in 1961, and I concluded from that visit that there was a hopeless enterprise. The people were some thing with which we could not contend.

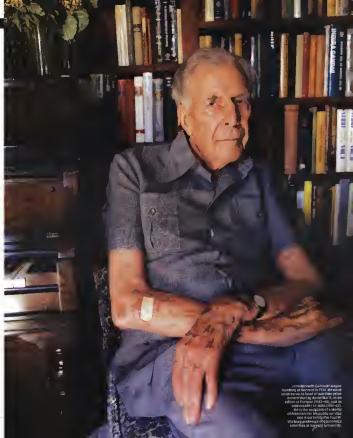
I saw John Kennedy on the Cape a few weeks before his death. We spent a day together. Much of that was on a) that he was going to get out of Vietnam, and b) the pressures that he was under from the military.

Lib and I were both from rural backgrounds—like in Texas and I in Canada. That was the origin of a closer relationship than if I had spent my life as a Harvard elite. We'd been friends for many years, back when he was in Congress. It was very sad that we clashed in Vietnam, but it was an overriding issue. Johnson had one answer which was not entirely appropriate. I said his exact words: "Ken, if you know what I have to do is to stand with the military, you would be glad for it." It's the pressure of the military were very powerful. They presented that most of us then reduced.

I had to pick out perhaps the greatest achievement that I've seen in all my years, it is in the diminishing role of race and discrimination. We have made greater progress than I ever anticipated.

A skilled adviser on nuclear weapons is foolish. It is one such choice that the people advocating it are the people who would be benefiting from the effort.

How much money should I am sorry in his will when he goes out of the house? I never thought of that.



JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH began teaching at Harvard in 1934. He went on to be in a host of positions: vice president of the Federal Reserve, director of the Office of Economic Warfare, and so on. He was also a member of the Kennedy family, and a close friend of the President. He was a member of the Harvard University faculty, and a member of the Harvard University Board of Overseas.

Loretta Lynn

Coal miner's daughter, 66, Hurricane Mills, Tennessee

they still got a dirt road up to the town where I grew up—Hatchers Hollow, Kentucky. They wanted me to put a gravel highway up through there, and I said, "I walked through mud up to my knees getting out, and you can do the same thing." Some people don't know anything about life, and don't want to know.

Chester, love, and the Bible: That's what we sing about. The rest of it are just fantasy songs, and they ain't gonna make it. I remember the first ice cream I ever had. It was from John L. Lewis, the union man. Daddy made a dollar a day in the coal mines, and when John L. Lewis came in, he started the union and Daddy got more money, so everybody loved John L. Lewis. The union started giving out a gallon of ice cream to each family. Daddy brought his home on his ice. What shocked me and my brothers and sisters so much is you touched the tin and it was hot. But it kept the ice cream cold. We could eat that all day. The ice cream was great, but the shock of getting burned on the ice—that kinda overtook how we felt about the ice cream. I was eleven years old.

My mom never told no doctor when she had a baby, she'd send me and the kids to Grandpa's, and I'd go back home and dandle the baby there. I'd say, "Mama, where'd that baby come from?" She'd say, "A woman just left it." And I said to Daddy one time, I said, "Daddy, where did it come from?" And he said, "I picked up a cabbage leaf and you were no devil!" When I got married, I didn't even know what pregnant meant. I was five months pregnant when I went to the doctor and he said, "You're gonna have a baby." I said, "No way! I can't have no baby." He said, "Skin't you married?" Yep, he said, "You sleep with your husband?" Yep. "You're gonna have a baby, Loretta. Believe me." And I did. **Bookie married me when I was thirteen and took me out of Hatchers Hollow when I was pregnant. I didn't know the world was that big.**

Getting married probably started my growth.

A lot of the young ones in Nashville today do fantasy stuff five years from now, you'll never remember their songs. But you remember "Four Seasons in One Day"? "Don't You?" All right, then, Hank Williams died in '53, and I don't believe nobody will ever forget his songs.

She told me I could sing. Well, I know better. I know I couldn't sing, but he come in and catch me singin'. He was the baby's uncle, and the only thing I know very much of was "White Christmas." That's the song he catch me singin'. He come home one day and said, "Loretta, you're a better singer than all these girls out there make money. The grown-up put you on the road or get you a job here in a town, and you can sing for two years and we'll buy a house. Then you can quit." Two years from that day, we didn't have enough money to buy a hamburger.

When you're seventeen and you have four kids and you have a dozen diapers between all of 'em, it gets a little tough. There ain't no such thing as luck.

I liked Michael Jackson better dark. And I liked his nose a lot better, too. If he has any more taken off, I don't know how he's gonna breathe.

The devil's a joke no one should laugh at.

I wasn't the first woman in country music. I was just the first one to stand up there and say what I thought, what life was about. The rest were afraid to.

Every time Doc Smothers and he got married twice.

Why leave the car you got for free you don't know?

When I started at the Opry, I used to do my "chippie" at the Salvation Army. One time, they caught me comin' out of there with my arms full. That was the second year I was there, and I had to get clothes for the kids for school. I was getting shirts for ten cents, dresses for fifty and Clinis for ten cents, my clothes for ten cents, and they told me that they couldn't have me go again and out of the Salvation Army. They said it looked bad on the Grand Ole Opry. And I said, "Well, next time, I'll look up and down the road before I come out."

There's more hypocrisy in church than anywhere else.

It's a shame that when you're young, you don't realize you're going to get old. You don't realize that you're gonna wake up tomorrow fifty when you're twenty. It's just a fact like that.

I'd rather be hurt than hurt someone.

Holding a baby in your arms for the first time is the happiest moment in life.

When I walk out on stage, I don't want nobody leaving.

Working keeps you young. I ain't never gonna stop. And when I do, it's gonna be right on stage. That's I bet.



Chuck Berry

Musician, 75, St. Louis

I'll be doing just fine if you turn off that tape recorder This isn't a performance. If you want to hear me perform, buy one of my records.
I would sing the blues if I had the blues I've always liked words that aren't in the dictionary.
I've always liked words I even like some words that aren't in the dictionary.
One word variety.
Of the five most important things in life health is first, education or knowledge is second, and wealth is third. I forget the other two.
You don't just go to the studio and say "I'm going to write a hit." It becomes a habit when people like your composition.
I didn't connect with the blues I was in the studio. It was over the blues.
I hoped they liked it of course. And then I'd go write some more. And then I'd go buy me a house. Very American.
It reminds me when I hear people say, "I want to go out and find out who I am." I always knew who I was. I was going to be famous if I killed me.
I wouldn't buy one of my records to save my life
Global warming does not affect my life at all. I'm going to walk right along and drink plenty of cool water.
Science and religion are both the same thing. They're there; they're real. It's not science, it's not a fact.
I haven't been to church in 30 years, but I'm better prepared for heaven than most of those who haven't missed a day.
Music is about one tenth of my day Computers are about a quarter. Sleep—another quarter. The other quarter is of no consequence.
I like computers. It's like being a mathematician that finally comes upon an adding machine.
Right isn't enough. You've got to have a proprietary interest.
If the people at the risk are not talking, you're being ignored. If the people are going at you, you've got something they want to hear.
I don't get nervous before I play. Oh, I did the first time—wondering whether I was going to be good or not. But after about four or five songs it went away and never came back.
Play the songs they want to hear. That makes them feel they're getting a hit but they came for like I say, The Mr. Victory.
When you're writing a song, music and words will carry you right through.
I have poetry. I love rhyming. Do you know there are poets who don't rhyme? Shakespeare did not rhyme most of the time, and that's why I do not like him. Imagine a man with that much... I'm looking for a word that begins with the letter J. Do you know if I forget it? Well, Shakespeare had a lot of it, anyway. He had a lot of J. He had too much J to rhyme.
You can say what you want, but for all these years, I've been talking people. I've been having fun and they've been paying well. I just don't seem right.
Please. That's the word I was looking for. Shakespeare had a lot of please.
If wasn't a musician, I'd take up the law. They say the richest, wealthiest people in America.
Prejudice doesn't make me mad. It just—I guess—"takes me off" in the word.
What do I like about women? Their gender.
First time I heard that word was from an English interviewer. He asked me something about gender. I had to tell him what he meant. Now I use the word all the time.
I stopped writing songs for seven years. Every so often I just stopped. Sometimes for hours. Sometimes for seventeen years.
I've written words on everything. Menus, napkins. Little pieces of paper. I started writing one song in 1953. I added more words but I don't do it. So I've been writing that song straight through for thirty-eight years.
I can't stand duty. It's not Jewish. It's not kosher. What's the kind of person that does that sort of thing? That's right—I'm a Jew.
I've got a MacArthur. What's that fellow come? Paul McCartney? That's right. I'm not him.
Women want what you've got. They want what they don't have.
Music is science. Everything is science. Because science is truth.
What do I think about today's music? I don't think about it. I hate to do it. It's there whether I think about it or not.



At 8:48 on the morning of September 11, **MICHAEL WRIGHT** was a thirty-year-old account executive working on the eighty-first floor of the World Trade Center. Two hours later, he was something else. The story of his escape is the fastest 3,863 words you will ever read.

UP TO THAT DAY I'd had a lovely lunch, smoke-curies beautiful life. I now know what it's like to have a 110-story building that's been hit by a 767 come down on my head. For best or for worse, it's part of my life. There are things I never thought I'd know that I now know.

It was an absolute morning as you can imagine. Tuesdays are usually the days I go out to see clients and make sales calls. I got to my office at a quarter to eight, sat a brain muffin, drank a cup of coffee, and getting head straight for the day.

I was actually in a good mood. A couple of us were pulling a cup in the south room. We'd just started changing the eighty-first floor of 1 World Trade Center with Bank of America, and they'd put up a sign telling everyone to keep the bath some clean. "Look at this," one of us said. "They move in and now they're replacing shit." It was about quarter to nine.

All of a sudden, there was the shift of an earthquake. People said, "Did you hear a sound?" No. The way it can best describe it is that every joint in the building jerked. You ever been in a big old house when a gust of wind comes through and you hear all the joints crack? Picture that crackling being not a matter of inches but of feet. We all got knocked off balance. One guy burst out of a stall bottoming up his pants, saying, "What the fuck?" The flex caused the marble walls in the bathroom to crack.

You're thinking, Gee, what. It was so provocative, useless. I opened the bathroom door, looked outside, and saw fire. There was screaming. One of my coworkers, Alicia, was trapped in the women's room next door. The doorjamb had folded in on itself and sealed the door shut. That guy Art and another guy started kicking the shit out of the door, and then finally got her out.

There was a huge crack in the floor of the hallway that was about half a football field long, and the elevator bank by my office was completely blown out. If I'd walked over, I could've looked all the way down. Chunks of material that had been part of the wall were in flames all over the

floor. Alicia was everywhere.

I knew where the stairs were because a couple of guys from my office used to smoke from them. I started screaming, "Get Out! Get Out!" The managers were trying to keep people calm and orderly, and here I was screaming, "The stairs! The stairs!"

We got to the stairwell, and people were in various states. Some were in shock, some were crying. We started sliding down in two rows, fire-drill style. I'd left my cell phone in my desk, but my coworkers had found it. I tried my wife twenty times but couldn't get through. Jenny had gone up to Boston with her mother and grandmother and was staying with my family. Our son was with her. He's six months old. It was impossible to reach them.

The thing that kept us calm as the stairs went was the thought that what happened couldn't possibly happen. The building could not come down. After a while, as we made our way down, we started to lighten up. Yeah, we knew something bad had happened, but a fire doesn't worry you as much when you're thirty floors below it. I even made an off-color joke to my buddy Ryan. The funnier was for only Ryan to hear, but things quieted down just as I said it, so everyone heard. I said, "Ryan, hold me."

He said, "Mike... I didn't know."

I said, "Well, we're all going to die, might as well tell you." Some people were laughing, but not the guy in front of me. "I really think you should keep that humor down!" he said. I felt stupid. In hindsight, he may have known more than I did. Even though I'd seen physical damage, what I can't shake enough is how alive I was at that point.

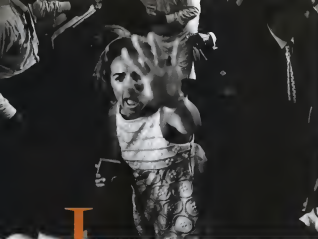
Some floors we'd cruise down, others we'd wait for ten minutes. People were speculating, "Was it a bomb?" But we were all getting out. I didn't think I was going to die.

At the Fortieth floor, we started coming in contact with firemen. They were yelling, "C'mon, how you get down? Workin' it's mile below." Most of them were state-of-the-art looking back, there were some flight and firemen.

When we got below the twentieth floor, they started to bring down injured people from flights above. There was a guy with the back of his shirt burned off, a little bare on



Mr. Wright on the morning after 9/11. October 23, 2001. His office building, 1 World Trade Center, is in the background. (Photo by [unreadable])



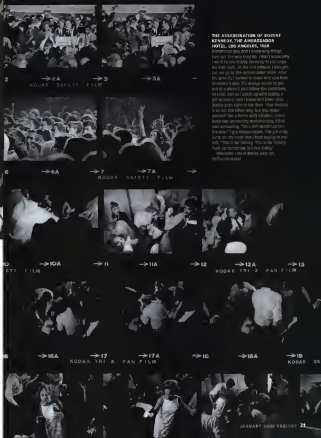
I Witness

[In his fifty-plus years as a professional photographer, Harry Benson has seen a lot. He's managed to learn a few things along the way, too]

They put me out of school when I was thirteen, came to the house and told my parents there was no point in me being there because I was just holding everybody back. I got a weird job delivering X-ray film on a cart. As the years passed, I kept trying to get on as a photo-ographer at a big paper in Glasgow. Once I went to a picture editor, who knew my father was the curator of the Glasgow zoo, and showed him my work. He said, 'You know, ladde, you should be feeding animals at your father's zoo.' 'Wonder what that bastard would say now

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

Three and other photos appear inside. Photographer's new book, *Harry Benson: Fifty Years in Pictures*, published by Bantam, \$29.95.



THE ASSASSINATION OF SENATOR
KENNEDY, THE AMBASSADOR
HOTEL, LOS ANGELES, 1968

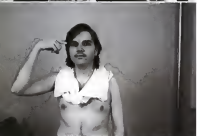
Sometimes you don't know very things
around the way they do. I don't know why
I went to see Bobby Kennedy in Los Angeles
his last night, so the first night, I thought,
let me go to the Ambassador Hotel. After
his speech, I wanted to leave and see how
crowded it was. It's always easier to get
out of a place if you follow the cameras,
and that's just as I catch up with Bobby. I
got nervous, and I thought I saw what
Bobby goes right to the floor. Your instinct
is to run the other way, but you think
around the corner with Bobby's, every
body was screaming and shouting. I had
was screaming, "Bobby don't leave! Let him
breathe!" I got brown spots. I got a big
mark on my head. But I kept going on my
way. "This is the history. This is the history.
Fuck up tomorrow, but not today."
Whenever I see it Bobby just on,
he'll remember.

[illegible]

I had the Beatles at the toppling
One of the reasons for their success in
first was they'd be in a state of the Plaza
and right next to it would be another
side packed with journalists who'd be
called in for the minutes next. So some
body from inside there could go home
and write "I was the 19th minute." It's
not like now, where they give the story
to two fancy reporters and then
they're off to the Caribbean.

There were a few of us in their hotel room in Paris one time, and the ladies were gabbing away when one of the men said, "That was some pillow fight the other night." I kept my mouth shut in front of a competing photographer and waited until a couple of nights later when I was the only one there taking pictures.

The letters were in a good mood. They'd just gotten the telegram saying that they'd matched number one in America with "I Want to Hold Your Hand." I said, "How about having a pillow fight?" That inspired "That's childish and juvenile. Who never do that." Lennon joins in, very seriously, "Disrespectful!" I thought, Well, that's that. And then John comes right behind that, who is drinking heavily, and hits him in the back of the head with a pillow. That started it.



**11 PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON,
LAREDO, TEXAS, 1972**

It's very hard to shatter somebody who means you with respect. I liked Nixon. One of the things I noticed about him was that he never had a conversation unless it was meaningful. I was the only photographer he showed into his chambers; after he resigned, I spent three days with him. It was absolutely the worst time of his life. After it was over, I said, "I want to thank you, Mr. President. I know it hasn't been the greatest time." He said, "You know, Henry, you're not to show professional people to do your job." One thing I've learned: There's always got to be a hand in the empty camp. Why not me?

**20 MARK DAVID CHAMPAH,
ATTICA PRISON, ATTICA,
NEW YORK, 1987**

It was him [opened me] to get this picture. You do what you have to do. We were sitting up in a room in which when Chapman came over, sat down beside me, touched my hand, and said, "I want to apologize to you for killing your friend John." I said something I should not have said, but it's probably true. I said, "I think John went the way he would have liked to go." And I honestly believe it. An honest reform. That's a dramatic way to go, and John was a pretty dramatic guy. After that, Chapman was of complete value.

**30 TRUMAN CAPOTE, WAINSCOTT,
NEW YORK, 1984**

I like pictures with movement in them when you're dealing with politicians; you've got to keep them moving. You don't just sit around conversations. There are photographers who sit around their cameras or where they're going on holiday. The president will be going and so on, but it's twenty minutes and they're out the door. The president doesn't want to be your friend. I approach it like this: If I can get close to meet him, I'll get it. I'll get a twenty-yard shot and get to come back again. That's the reason I got inside. Now, Capote. Here, we're in a position. He was very comfortable in front of the camera. I could have done a whole book on him. If you ever had a drink with him, you'd know he wasn't a little bit.

40 J. SIMPSON, SHEA STADIUM, 1973

Always be the first one in and the last one out. And never go with the pack. I had just run for a record 2,000 yards in a single session in New York. Because he'd been interviewed for so long by all the press, he was the last one from the show. The rest of the team was on the bus waiting to go, and there was nobody else from the media around. I've always felt embarrassed photographing nude people, but I followed him into the shower and asked if it would be okay. It wasn't surprising that he consented. There's an episode with a beautiful body on the greatest day of his life. I've got the uncensored version at home.



Larry King

Talk-show host, 68, Los Angeles

I gambled only on horses. I liked the thrill of them tearing into the stretch. I still like it. Except it's not so much fun when you don't spend the money. It's much more fun when you're riding on the seat.

The best day I ever had at the track is still never fit the way you do this story, because it's a whole magazine piece. I'm despicable. Statens I was working at had just switched to cash. I'm old of black and we were all let go at once. So I'm out of work. I have forty-eight dollars in my name. It's late May and I'm paid through the end of May rent. I get a dragster I'm trying to support. I'm directed. It's 1992. I drive to Calder racetrack. I'm sitting there and it's the third race and I look up at the horses. I see a horse called Lady York. It's really running against odds. Normally I like don't bet on underdogs. We're talking cheap horses. I look up at the board and she's 70 to 1. I look at the guy next to me and say "You know this horse, three races back, was in more or less the same company. Why is she 70 to 1?" Guy says "Well, she's a couple of new horses here." I said, "No, but she should be, like, 20 to 1, not 70 to 1." Screw it. I bet ten dollars on the horse to win. I keep looking at the horse. The more I'm looking at the horse, the more I like it. So I know bet exacta. I bet on one of every other horse and believe every other horse—I lose everybody and I lose everybody. Now I've got a wheel. It's called a wheel. Oh—you're wearing a Pierre Cardin jacket that has no pockets. The keys are in the car where the wheel parked it. So I said, "What a minute. I got four dollars left. I gotta give the wheel two bucks. I've got my cigarettes—don't need money for that. You could save bet a trifecta." So my birthday is November 19. The horse is number 11. So I'll bet 11-4-4. Now I've got it on my tip, I've got it on bottom, I've got it on top, and I've got it on 11-4-4. I've got two dollars left in my name. Now the race begins. They break out of the gate, the 11 starts on top, the 9 is second, and the 11 is third. The 11 passes the 9, the 11 passes the 1 and then runs a straight line all around the track. No question. The 11 wins by five lengths. The 11 is three lengths ahead of the 9. So I've got every winning ticket. I got it to win, I got the exacta. I got the trifecta. I collect \$11,000—eleven thousand dollars! But I got no pockets. So I stuff all the money in my jacket. I don't know what to do with it. I run out the track. The wheel guy comes out and brings me the car. He says, "We're leaving early!" I said, "Yeah." He says, "Red dog. My King!" I tip him fifty dollars. Guy nearly faints. I gotta go somewhere. I drove into a restaurant which is now Joe Robbie Stadium. I parked among the weeds. And I opened up my jacket and all the money spilled out. It counted out \$10,000. You know what I do? My child support was \$100 a month. I lost \$1,000. My rent was \$160 a month. I paid my rent for a year. I bought twenty cartons of cigarettes, smoked five up in my apartment. And that may have been the happiest moment of my life. Now, today if I go to the track and win \$11,000, it's very nice, but it won't affect my life one iota. It's nice to win. But when you really need it...

The truth about Joe Robbie Stadium is it's never funny when it's happening.

Those more faith in myself for the air that off.

Have burns. Burns in New York are instant burns. Burns in New York could run a grocery chain in Des Moines.

There's no tickle to being yourself.

A sense of humor is a major aphrodisiac. I'm certainly an average-looking guy, but I've had some very nice women in my life. It always could make 'em laugh.

A good ensemble—the suit and suspenders—should be about \$100.

Once the mind goes casual, no law can stop it.

You only get one mother. When your mother's living, she's always a place to go home to. No matter what age you are. Because your mother's always your class. Your wife could close a door. Your sister could close a door. Your brother could close a door, but your father could run away. Your job could fire you. No mother ever fires you.

"Why?" is a great question for a talk-show host because it can't be answered in one word.

You always remember the date of your best attack.

Mother? To what?

I'm not an atheist because that's a religion.

If you really believe, death should be great. You're going to a better place. Why wouldn't you want to go sooner? Mark Twain and the last thing I remember on earth is the happy. There's no one. I mean I regret. Hugs are boring. But these people can't wait to get into heaven where if they're very good, the girl hangs twenty-four hours a day.





Homer Simpson

Nuclear-power-plant safety inspector,
39, Springfield

When someone tells you your butt is on fire, you should take them at their word; there is no such thing as a bad doughnut.

Kitts are like monkeys, only louder.

If you want results, press the red button. The rest are useless.

There are ninety different subspoons in this world, but if you look at it in a carefully, you'll see that they all have one thing in common: They were invented by a giant, superintelligent chimpanzee. Duh.

You should put some your hand had long. Trust me—I'll save you a lot of hassle.

You can have many different sins and still be happy.

I enjoy the great state of Duff. You, Duff is the only beer I love. Smooth, creamy Duff! —smooooommm

You can put five stuff if you mention a product in a magazine interview. Like Chaps Ahoy! Lookin'.

You may think it's easier to de-ice your windshield with a flame-thrower, but there are repercussions. Serious repercussions.

There are some things that I just won't want to be extra.

The intelligent man wears his battles with printed words. I'm sorry—I meant sticks. Printed sticks.

There are way too many numbers. The world would be a better place if we lost half of them—starting with 8. I've always loved a 4.

If I had a dollar for every time I loved "My God! He's control in some sort of gas," I'd be a rich man like gentlemen in the bedroom—shave your sandwich.

I've climbed the highest mountains... fallen down the deepest valleys... I've been to Japan and Africa... and I've even gone into space, but I'd trade it all for a piece of candy right now.

Every creature on God's earth has a right to exist, except for that damn, ugly-throated South American warbler.

I don't need a surgeon telling me how to operate on myself.

Sometimes I think there's no reason to get out of bed... then I feel wet, and I realize there is.

Let me just say, Wilma the Pook getting his head caught in a heater poe? It's not funny. It can really happen.

Even though it is someone and powerful, I don't take no guff from the ocean.

I never ate an animal I didn't like.

A fish and his money are soon parted. I would pay anyone a lot of money to explain how to use.

Give a man a fish and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he'll get a hook caught on his eyelid or something.

I made a deal with myself two years ago... and got ripped off.

Never lose your car keys in a warehouse.

Always keep your first instinct—unless it tells you to use your life savings to develop a Destructo Ray.

When you borrow something from your neighbor, always do it under the cover of darkness.

If a spaceship landed and always took me back to my planet and made me their leader, and I got to spend the rest of my life eating doughnuts and watching showgirls dancing girls and riding with a swift and delicious hand? That would be sweet.

I may not be the richest man on earth. Or the smartest. Or the handsomest.

Never throw a butcher knife in anger.

The office is no place for off-color remarks or offensive jokes. That's why I never go there.

My favorite color is chocolate.

Always feel with your heart, although it's better with your hands.

The hardest thing I've had to face as a father was burying my own child. He climbed back out, but it still hurts.

If doctors are so right, why am I still alive?

I'm not afraid to say the word "cunt," or the words "dumb" and "stupid."

Always have plenty of clean white shirts and blue jeans.

When that guy mixed water into wine, he obviously wasn't thinking of us Duff drinkers.

I love nuzzles! I don't know because we're allowed to get out of work.

When I'm dead, I'm going to sleep. Oh, wait, no I'm going to sleep.

What kind of food would leave a person's wisdom? Anyway?

Barbara Walters

Journalist, 70, New York City

I don't want to sound like I've been around since the Civil War (but there has been enormous change since I arrived). When I began at NBC, I was the only female writer on the Today show. Another female couldn't get a job unless the woman writer either got married or died. Literally.

Somehow my parents taught me lessons because they taught me lessons. Most often, they taught me lessons without knowing it. **My father** was very generous in nature and a gambler by nature, and like many men at that time who were big showmen, he died broke. The lesson he taught me was not to worry. The lesson I learned was to worry.

Timing a look: Timing is rapidly back to look... and hard work.

I had a sister who was mildly retarded. Just enough to run her life like a normal and other kids could be her. People didn't understand what it was. My mother broke my heart. She taught me how small people could be. She also taught me compassion. I always think of her with difficulty. I was for my sister, and she was never, ever jealous of me. Talk about my sister and I automatically cry. **Some women** can't be healed.

Friendship to me is a golden, beautiful, strong word.

My favorite thing about New York is New Yorkers.

Katharine Hepburn was talking about seeing things in black and white. There's what so many people respect about her—that she is a defector. I had just come back from the Middle East, now reviewing Vladimir Putin and Yasser Arafat. I told her that and said, "Ms. Hepburn, I don't see things in black and white very often. I see things in shades of gray." And she said, "Well, I pity you."

My biggest regret—and I regret it every day, yet I don't do anything about it—is that I've never kept a diary. I'm fully answered. You know how women can get up and dance alone? I can't do it. I'm afraid everyone is looking at me. No. I can get up in front of ten thousand people and talk.

Oprah has said that she copied me when she began and then she decided to become Oprah—which was a great decision.

My daughter has given my life a meaning that none of my work could ever make up for. **When my daughter** was much younger, I walked into her room while she was watching Saturday Night Live. Goldie Hawn was doing the Liza Minnelli skit. I said, "Isn't that awful?" And she said, "Oh, Mother! Liza! Oh!" And I said, "What are you serious about? Is a funny way, it's a compliment. I still don't like it, but, I mean, you can kind of see it. The Liza. By the way, I now pronounce my P's much better than I did then."

For me, everything has changed since September 11. Superficial things seem less to me. I'm not walking around with fear. I don't have a gun now. But I have a different sense of awareness. Things will never be the same.

My favorite saying is "Eins, zwei, drei, pass!"

I don't need anything! I tell my managers, "I don't want to see it. Don't even tell me what it is." It does you no good. **For stress**, everybody has their own thing. But me, it's taking a bath. And Georgetown when I'm in the morning, and I take time to think. Now, Alan Greenspan and I are very close friends. I have read that he makes bath at the morning. I have not been a woman, okay?

Sex, if it's right, is passion. It's great and exciting, and it may or may not have anything to do with love.

People say about me: "Oh, they're going to carry her out on a stretcher." Absolutely not. I will not be doing this forever.

I was getting a big reward one day and I heard my daughter on the phone saying, "My mommy can't drive. My mommy burns the meat loaf. The only thing my mommy can do is a television." Then I said, "But look around, darling. We didn't do too badly."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC RABINOVITZ

Jeff Bezos

Founder and CEO of Amazon.com, 37, Seattle

The landscape is littered with the corpses of people who have made predictions, so I won't try to predict what Amazon will look like a hundred years from now. Nobody remembers what you said, unless you're Nostradamus.

My grandfather taught me that it is harder to be kind than it is to be clever. That has always stuck with me.

People think of liberty as freedom in being happiness, but it's not. Those very smart people who wrote "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" had it right.

Money comes not from things that you layer on to make people happy. It comes from being able to build. People like to build.

The question is, could it be done? The answer is, absolutely. **Go to bed early** and wake up early. The morning hours are good. **Love and sex**: People will do for love.

It's impossible to interact with an eight-year-old child and not come away with the impression that people are fundamentally good.

When you're a little kid, you have no idea how much your parents love you.

A third world job would not have a chance against my wife. I'm certainly the kind of person that has to grow up in a woman. It takes repeated exposure to me to wear down her defenses.

I wear the same thing every weekday, and I have for ten years. I don't like to think about what I want to wear in the morning. We should definitely say more about making no fashion questions.

What characteristics do I look for when hiring somebody? That's one of the questions I ask when interviewing. I want to know what kind of people they would hire.

It seems fundamentally unfair to me that there is this physical speed limit in the universe—the speed of light—and you can't go faster than that. To have this huge universe out there and be not able to get on a faster-than-light-speed ship and go explore the galaxy... I really think very, very deep in the human psyche there is this need to explore. The pre-Newton people didn't know that there were any limits to speed. And one of the things that comes out of Einstein's theory is that the speed of light is an absolute limit, that you can't go faster than that. And that seems unfair to me.

Everyone always says that parenting is not a popularity contest. I think that's good parenting.

Gold is a useful invention. It's why people can afford houses before they reach seventy. They can actually have the house while they need it and then work and pay for it. That's very, very useful.

What I would really like people to say about Amazon is that we raised the bar on customer experience for every industry all over the world. Some companies have measure that we even bigger than the company, so example of that would be Sony. Some coming out of World War II, and that their mission was, "We are going to make Japan know for good." They had a mission that was bigger than Sony. It was a mission for Japan. And we have a similar mission.

Sometimes I think the Time Person of the Year is chosen for the man, and I think sometimes they are chosen as a symbol of something, and my selection was clearly that. They weren't choosing Jeff Bezos so much as they were choosing me as a symbol for the Internet. But my parents were very proud. I mean, they are parents. They are not objective.

When you're young, deferring graduation is not a bad thing. As you get older, you get better at the question: mortality. People need to think of themselves as fortunate.

At the end of the day, when you're eighty years old and looking back on your life, you want to have maximized the number of regrets you have. That's what should drive people. Not how much money they have. It's regrets that I think haunt people at the end of their life.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ELLIOTT



Robert McNamara served as a lieutenant colonel in the military reserve during World War II, president of the Ford Motor Company, secretary of defense (1961) and undersecretary of defense (1965). He was secretary of the President's Council on Education.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED Interviewed by Ed Fossman

Robert McNamara

Former secretary of defense, 85, Washington, D. C.

My first memory is still very clear in my mind. It was November 11, 1938. I can even remember the street I lived on, is Clarendon Street in San Francisco. I can remember the sirens coming down Geary on Armistice Day with people screaming on top of their heads. There weren't enough seats in the cars, so people climbed on top and were cheering, applauding. *Applaud!* Mostly because we'd just won World War I. But to me it was more than that because they believed we'd just won the War to End All Wars. That's what President Wilson called it.

I was on duty in March of 1945 on temporary duty with the 20th Air Force. I was with General LeMay when we interrogated the B-29 crews that came back from a bombing mission. That night, that single night, we'd burned to death eighty thousand civilians in Tokyo. I've lived through a lot.

As president of Ford, I introduced the Falcon. That was one of my first ones. I also loved the Mustang.

When President Kennedy asked if I'd serve as secretary of defense, I told him I wasn't qualified. He said, "I don't believe there's any school for presidents, either."

One of the most serious days of my tenure as secretary of defense was Saturday, October 27, 1962, when we were trying to decide whether to attack Cuba or not because of the missiles there. Events were happening out of control on both sides. We were then close to nuclear war and had disaster I remember leaving the White House that night to go back to the Pentagon—I didn't go home for two or three days, lived at the Pentagon—it was a perfectly beautiful fall night, and I remember telling George Ball that I wasn't sure we'd have another Saturday night.

I hold my weight constant. Maybe it's because I enjoy beautiful foods. I actually like biscuits.

I don't know much about the Muslim religion, but I do know two things. Number one: They have the same God we do. Number two: They have a phrase in the Koran that is synonymous with "Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you." There's something to build on. That's the point.

After JFK was shot, I went to meet the plane that brought his body back from Texas. Then I went home and either Jackie or Bobby called and asked me to come to the hospital where they were carrying out the autopsy. We took his body back to the White House at about 5:00 A.M. There was a big argument among his associates about where he should be buried. Some said, "He should be buried in Massachusetts—that was his home." I said, "He wasn't the president of Massachusetts. He was president of the United States. He ought to be buried in Washington." I went out to Arlington National Cemetery to find a place. It was a gray and rainy morning, and the cemetery was crowded in a fairly rare. I walked with the superintendent across the beautiful grounds studded with simple white tombstones. I stopped when we came to a spot just before the Grant-Lee Memorial. I could see the Lincoln Memorial in the distance. "This is the place," I said. I called Jackie and she came out to look at it. That's what she chose. Later in the day, I was introduced to a young park service ranger who had escorted Kennedy on a visit to Arlington a few weeks earlier. I told him which spot I had chosen. "When President Kennedy was visiting a few weeks ago," the ranger said, "he stopped in that same spot. He looked out toward the monuments, and I heard him say that this was the most beautiful night in Washington."

It is done: You can't bring JFK back to life. I don't think about who did it.

I was forty-four years old when I became secretary of defense. I wish I had the knowledge I do now back then.

Vietnam was mine as a function of the cold war. The CIA apparatus was, and Eisenhower's approval was, that the loss of Vietnam and Laos would trigger an extension of communist hegemony across much of southern Asia. This would weaken the integrity of the West across the world. Therefore, it was necessary to prevent that. That's why we were in Vietnam. It was no secret or exposed.

One of the lessons of Vietnam was that we as a people, as a nation, must learn to empathize with others on the world—particularly our opponents. Empathy is not a synonym of empathy. Empathy means understanding, sympathy means agreeing or endorsing. I don't think we as a nation have learned to empathize.

There is no contradiction between a soft heart and a hard head.

I married one of God's loveliest creatures. I met Mary when I was seventeen, and we married when I was twenty-four. She died twenty years ago. She was an absolutely gorgeous-looking girl. Very, very feminine. But she also was an athlete. She liked arms with a friend of mine and she bent over and threw him over her head. I'll never forget that.

My children are gradually reaching me to be more open. I needed to bottle things up. That is not good.

I've gone to the Vietnam Memorial. It brings me a feeling of sadness. But it also brings a feeling of respect and honor for the people who served their nation.

As the ancient Greek dramatist Aeschylus wrote, "The reward of suffering is experience."



Photo: Michael Ochs
Woodruff for Esquire
and photographer
Paul, to show
being grateful
David Ray Woodruff
Columbia, Mo.

Sea of Tranquility

By Jay Woodruff

When your father doesn't leave a note, it falls on you to make sense of what he did

ing, I figured, was a nice piece of luck, a ride home to dinner. The minute we got into his sky-blue LTD, however, I sensed something was wrong. "I'm afraid I have some very bad news," he said, and I went into full alert. I looked at him, and he was clearly shaken. He continued to speak without looking at me as he put the car into gear. "There's been a terrible accident. They found your father's body at a hotel today." I felt an enormous rush of relief. At the words "There's been a terrible accident," I'd imagined my mother's Corvair swamped beneath some pine tree that she was the one who was dead. That would have been a shock. My father, on the other hand—I already knew he was a ghost.

On April 6, 1974, my father drove to Lambert Airport in St. Louis, parked his car in the long-term lot, and bought a one-way ticket to Boston, where he took a cab to Cambridge, checked into the Holiday Inn a couple blocks from Harvard Square, and quietly committed suicide. A maid discovered his body around noon the following day. I got the news a few hours later, on a balmy Friday afternoon, the start of Easter vacation my freshman year in high school. I was watching a baseball game with some friends when I noticed my stepfather approaching. This is what was not unusual: He was the assistant superintendent of schools and routinely dropped in on district events. He was



Robert Galois, the author's dad, standing at Kennedy-Galileo 230 at the United States Air & Space Museum. Four particular days: summer holiday

MY FATHER WANTED to walk on the moon. This was in his case an idle fantasy. He wasn't just another weekend hobbyist afflicted with Sputnik fever, while every evening he'd pour

aluminum workbooks, piecing together scale replicas of Mercury's orbit. He had credentials. He graduated with honors from Culver Military Academy and Harvard, then went on to Harvard Business School, where he spent summers meeting engineers at one of Houston's best hospitals and conducting research on childhood leukemia with legendary cancer specialist Robert Farber. By early 1964, he was a twenty-nine-year-old lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, and when NASA announced plans to select its fourth group of astronauts from a pool of scientists without previous military flight training, my father was one of about two thousand men to apply.

This would happen at the end of June, just three years after the Bay of Pigs, two years after the Cuban Missile Crisis, and just three years after the assassination of a president who had vowed to land a man on the moon before the decade was out. NASA was reaping up for the third and most ambitious phase of its space race with the Soviets, a new program called Apollo, aiming to fulfill a martyr's prophecy by dropping a few fabled heroes on top of a barren Y redoubt and launching them more than a quarter of a million miles away to a patch of moon called the Sea of Tranquility.

We were then living in a place called Laurel, South Carolina, where my father worked at the medical detachment on Fort Mifflin. The closest doctors would have been in Charleston, an ambulance city or a museum of New Orleans, with narrow streets lined by live oaks draped with Spanish moss. Our own AEs were considerably less charming, small brick ranches inescapable from the rest of the officers' housing in our neighborhood. It was only four at the time, so my recollection is spotty, but I have a handful of vivid memories from the two

years we lived there. I remember how the marines would stop and salute my dad whenever we encountered him on the base. I remember one afternoon we were stopped down by a boy in an old T-shirt waving frantically from the side of the road, and only once we'd stopped and held him over to the open passenger side window did we see that he was in fact wearing a white T-shirt drenched in blood. My father retrieved his black medical bag from the back of our Ford Falcon and disappeared over a steady breeze. Two boys had been playing on top of a house or with one of their father's service revolvers. The boy who'd stopped us had accidentally shot his friend, which his father dropped a few feet into the highway bed, leaving his back. My father saved the boy's life.

And I remember how, at night, my dad would come home and change out of his uniform into a set of pajama bottoms, pull on a pair of white socks, and head out for a run. This was before public displays of exercise had become common, when fitness breaks at work by my father, an aspiring entrepreneur in training, would be dismissed in the streets at night. Then he'd return home to continue his workout in the living room, putting *Yogi's* TV through a series of resistance exercises with his set of Jack LaLanne Gymboree dumbbells.

Up until that time, astronauts had always been chosen from the ranks of active military pilots who already met all the rigorous physical requirements for high-altitude flight, but for this group, Group IV, the first group of astronaut wannabes, NASA inverted the process, inviting the National Academy of Sciences to assess the professional qualifications of applicants based on their work and interests.

My dad made it through the first round, and the second, and the one after that. He made it all the way down to the first screen, and in early May of 1968 he flew to Texas to join the other eleven finalists for two weeks of testing at Brooks Air Force Base, in San Antonio, where the Air Force would determine whether

We knew he was depressed, yet the roof of his despair remained a mystery. Even then, we developed a theory that washing out of NASA had been the beginning of the end. Having come within a hair of playing a part in the most sublime adventure in history, he could no longer tolerate the existence of a mere mortal.

these men were physically fit to fly. For the next few days, my father was subjected to virtually every medical test there is in existence. Every organ was examined, every bone measured, every reflex calibrated. The slightest aberration was enough to disqualify a man from further consideration.

On June 29, 1968, NASA introduced its thousand men to the world. Only one remained, the smallest group of astronauts ever announced: two physicians, two physicists, an engineer, and a biologist named William Sabin, who, seven years later, would go into space as a member of the last Apollo mission and become the only scientist ever to walk on the moon.

My father was not among them. By the time NASA held its press conference to introduce its new astronauts, he was back in South Carolina, finishing up his active duty. Two months later, we moved to Los Angeles, where he assumed his medical training as a chief resident in the department of psychiatry at Washington University and where, over the next decade, his life, and ours, would begin to unravel.

ON CHRISTMAS IN 1970, we got my dad a telescope, a modest little 60-adultimeter refractor called the Jansco Empire Model 683 Universal Astronomical telescope, the power of which was inversely proportional to the

length of its tube. That winter, I sometimes accompanied him to the edge of the driveway in our dark backyard in Webster Springs as he traced the lines on Saturn or Cassin Major or Orion's Great Nebula. He would describe whatever it was we were looking at and ask whether I could discern the globular cluster in Cassiopeia, and I would say yes, lying to him because I didn't have the heart to admit I did not know whether I was seeing what I was supposed to be seeing through the governing aperture on those winter nights. After a while, I'd grow cold and bored and head back inside, where I'd pause at one of our second-floor windows and squint out into the dark, trying to make out his shape while he worked, the end of his glowing eyepiece not even as loose as that one of the daisies from his dad's yard to gaze out to me.

It's tempting to say that during those years, my father seemed to be growing steadily more anxious or depressed, but that is an observation I'd make only in retrospect. He seemed to me then just a regular dad—busy, often preoccupied, but not disengaged from our lives. He and I did Indian Games together for a couple of years, and he managed to find time to design and build on a tree house, a dollhouse, even a pair of doll-sized houses for the two games just he brought home from the lab. His mind frequently seemed to be elsewhere, so what? Why wouldn't it be? He was a grown-up, big smart, and a psychiatrist, what was he to do? I'd be a part of a lot of time trying to find his way through the mental mazes of every person, even though I'd been coached from the age of two not to refer to his patients in any way and had learned that only actual psychiatrists were allowed to refer to patients as crazy, and even then only in the presence of other psychiatrists after all the tests had been sent to him and everyone had at least three martinis.

He ate breakfast with us in the mornings and dinner without

most nights, after which he would often disappear into the upstairs hall closet he'd transformed into a study where he'd read *The Jewish Journal of Psychiatry* or *The New England Journal of Medicine* and work on some of the dozens of articles and papers he'd publish during the remaining years of his life. He kept a three-ring binder full of articles he'd cut out of *Science* or *Sky & Telescope*, along with notes on his observations, and letters he'd received from Harrison Belmont. My father had corresponded occasionally with Belmont ever since their meeting days in Boston, and in the fall of 1971 the astronomer sent my dad an invitation to bring the whole family down to Cape Kennedy to watch the launch of his December mission, Apollo 17. NASA's last flight to the moon. We didn't want to accept Belmont's offer. I don't remember the exact explanation or if there even was one, but I must have had something to do with the fact that the invitation coincided with my parents' divorce.

"Your mother and I have something to tell you," my father announced in his controlled baritone voice at the end of Sunday brunch the day after my eleventh birthday. I could tell by his deliberate delivery and careful diction that this was serious. I remember, in that endless instant, glancing from him to my mother, wondering which one of them had cancer. "Your mother and I have decided to get a divorce."

This was a complete shock. I'd never seen my parents so much as argue. My sister and I both sat out of our chairs and bounded up to our rooms, and I remember that my very first feminist thought was, *Maybe now I'll finally be able to get a mink!*

We moved out of our house and into a series of apartments before finally settling in a new development in an unincorporated area just west of St. Louis. I've never forgotten something he once said to me when I was staring at him there. I asked him why he'd left the family. We were sitting in the culminated living room of his sparkling new condo. The place smelled of fresh paint and new carpet, and you could hear our voices reverberate in the empty corners of the room. "In this life," he told us, "you've got to choose between happiness and success." We stared at the shining glass door in the back of the living room, squinting out past the trees and a half dozen other jets like it that bordered a courtyard of balconies that curved with view beyond those buildings, the landscape looked positively heavenly as if it surrounded a huge crater that was intended to be some sort of some pond. We never had any idea what path my father thought he was taking.

I continued to see him on Sundays, and his visits typically consisted of a sentence followed by dinner at our place, where the conversations would grow more philosophical as the evening wore on and he consumed more bourbon. His speech never became drier or sharper, only deeper and more insistent, with a sure confidence of process, and his mood would grow slower, more serious and cynical. We engaged in the sort of manicured conversations that appeal particularly to perfectionists and well-educated intellectuals. We talked about God and the origins of the universe and the nature of man. We talked about his drinking. He planned to cut back. Sometimes we talked about his depression, or manic depression, or bipolar disorder, or affective disorder, or whatever the hell label was in vogue with

about in those pre-OSMA-III days circa 1995. He wanted me to be being tested. Once, when we were discussing insurance, I asked him what kind of life he'd choose the next time around. He wouldn't, he told me. Once was enough for him.

It was on the back of one of these conversations, as he dropped me off back at home and we sat in his former driveway staring at the lights of his former home, that I came out and told him I hoped he wouldn't ever kill himself. "I won't," he said. "Don't worry."

THE AUTOPSY REPORT listed the cause of death as massive pulmonary edema from amphetamine poisoning—the active ingredient in Klonix, an antidepressant. My mother and father decided not to view the body the night before the funeral, but I was afraid that I might eventually regret not having gone, so I asked my mother to drop me off at the funeral home. I was the first one there, alone in the room with the open casket. When I finally approached the coffin and stood there staring at my dead father, I was shocked less by the intensity of his carefully placed hands and the yellow waxy skin of his skin than by the odd sense of detachment I felt, as if I were watching myself play the most madman's game imaginable. My grandparents arrived while I was standing beside the body and as they made their way toward the front of the room I heard a deep groan, a pure exclamation of grief. My grandfather emerged and would have fallen to the floor if not for my grandmother and a couple of other relatives who caught him. I read may have believed that the death of a father is the most significant event in a man's life, but losing a child is surely more painful.

My father didn't leave a note, so it fell on us to try to make whatever sense we could of what he did. This in the legacy of unexplained suicide. The only person able to provide answers to your questions is no longer around to do so. We knew he was depressed, we knew he was drinking too much, yet the root causes of his despair remained a mystery, and over time we developed a theory that ending out of NADA in 1994 had been the beginning of the crash, that he'd never quite gotten over the disappointment of what he felt to him like his first major failure in life. My father was, by his interpretation, a cowardly of his own ambitions. Even in the mythology of our family. Having come within a hair of playing a part in the most significant adventure in history, he could no longer tolerate the miserable existence of a mere mortal.

I WAS SURPRISED to discover that my new status turned out to be something of a boon. It cracked that my father was dead, of course, but the fact was, he'd already been out of the house for a number of years, and it wasn't as if his death put us out on the street.

It had little impact on my day-to-day life. Three or four days people looked at me. At most poor little me. It played the feeling right, it became the part was actively easy. All I had to do was eat something very delicious and people treated me like some sort of remarkable young hero. I wrote my college application essays on the challenges of overcoming adversity after my father's suicide, and nobody rejected me.

I went a week or so into my freshman year of college when

I had that fish-like as a glimpse I had made it, I had gotten to Harvard, the Big School, as my father had before me, and, like most other freshmen, I wondered how I was going to make up. I was standing there in the middle of the Yard when it occurred to me that how I compared with other students there was pretty much irrelevant. I was no dumber than I'd been before I'd arrived, and there was no mystery as to how we succeeded at a place like this. You just kept doing what you'd done to get accepted in the first place—work your ass off. Get good grades, graduate with honors, get accepted into a good medical school, work hard, get good grades, get accepted into a good internship, work hard, and pretty soon you're forty and coming for us and wondering how in the hell you wound up doing whatever it was you were doing. So you start playing the guitar and writing poetry and having affairs and having your family and killing yourself. I felt at that moment that I was changing the whole story instead of that had led my father to an early death.

I'd always assumed that I would become an MD, like my father and his father before him, but I begged parents, I took my own medicine to Jameson's Irish whiskey, and proceeded over the next three years to demonstrate that however difficult it may be to get into a place like Harvard, it's a lot harder to get passed it. I knew out. I took a job driving a campus shuttle bus. My course would take me past the hotel where my father had killed himself on every single loop, and I'd make a point not to notice each time I drove by.

I wandered into the lobby only once. I stood there and tried to imagine what I had tried to imagine many times before and here I was to imagine many times since. What was he thinking in his mind the elevator up to his room? Was he angry? Was he afraid? Did he have a last wish? What were the last words he ever spoke, and to whom? I could imagine the dark child watching him a good evening as he passed through the lobby, my father smiling gently, amazed by the irony as the elevator doors slowly closed.

My father kills himself once. I killed him a thousand times.

AS I APPROACHED the age my father had been when he made his run at the space program, I became increasingly curious about his experience with NASA. I scoured books and tried to learn records about the selection process for his group, but information was scarce. I tried the Library of Congress and filed a Freedom of Information Act request with NASA, but the agency wrote back that all records pertaining to Group IV's training "were lost to a tropical storm which occurred in 1970."

I was by then a husband and father myself, with a mortgage and car payments, and was struggling to top up to my own most earthbound ambition, working as a chemist at a large corporate public relations firm, churning out documents promoting the environmental friendliness of one of the world's largest producers of radiolabels. As I watched former classmates advance in their careers, who had appeared to me in college as a trendless, I was looking more, at thirty, like an ascetic. These kids I'd discussed a dozen times earlier as grade-grubbing cheaters were now knocking up their residences, rising to prominence, making the transition from poor-to-middle-class, moving into corner offices with VP salaries that kept them from worrying so much about how they were going to provide for their young children.



U.A. Jameson
Robert Jameson
Robert Jameson

U.A. Jameson (left) and Robert Jameson (right) are shown in a photo. The photo is a black and white photograph of two men standing together. The man on the left is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt, and the man on the right is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. They are both smiling and looking at the camera. The photo is slightly tilted and has a white border.

by the way my animation had shifted from that of a son to that of a father, and my dad had come to accept a different place in the universe, no longer over time to lose that a memory, less even than the way total of his fears or possessions. I still kept his letters in a box in my basement. He had become a theory, an abstraction, a loss.

There, late last year, my mom handed me a bundle of letters she'd found at the bottom of a small box in her attic. They were the letters my father had written to her during his time at Boston Air Force Base—about 10, all some of them five or six pages long, each in confident, legible, my dad's handwriting, with hardly a group-out or edit. I wanted to read that night, after my work and our three kids were asleep, when I knew I'd be able to read them with no interruptions, wondering whether they contained any clue that might confirm the family theory.

3 May 65

Dear Mom,

1000 Monday morning. Each of us has a schedule for these next eight or ten days involving various detailed medical studies. I've got one from a luncheon social, GI, and GI as well as in my New Year from a ball for me. Coming next is a psychograph and a long session with the psychiatrist.

One of the scientists didn't show up today, so there are fifteen. Missing is the only psychologist who got him for I don't know why he's not. The press after the number and the measurements, I understand. Though we have been given no formal instruction

about security, we're being reserved about casual contacts.

More later.

Love, Bob

3 May 65

2030. I try this morning—photograph and psychometric evaluation this afternoon. Fourty enough young Air Force psychometrists. I'm not sure I could have done as well. Tomorrow—30 lab tests on various blood fractions—about 100. Next morning—psychography—vectorial signs and some other physics. As things stand now, it looks as if this will all last eighty hours than two weeks of OTC, change my view of my time.

Strange bunch—three physicians, one astronomer, two geologists, three physicists, two engineers, and two biologists. One geologist has a brand "Youngest" is 27—almost is 34. The group is in flux, developing a tentative identity which shifts and moves. There are descriptive people—hard to say about about—some doesn't have a first impression, but a series of first impressions. Very odd people in types. I believe. Multitasking. The society each feels makes it even more difficult to judge.

4 May 1965. Back from today's sessions. Two hours in the lab for bloodwork and plasma analysis test. The details in logs. Then interview and exams in aviation medicine followed by interview and exam in internal medicine. Finally, electrocardiogram, precordial map (ECG with 20 left chest leads), careful message, Valiades, and told pressor tests.



Chuck Close

Artist, 61, New York City

Integration is highly overrated. If you sit around and wait for the clouds to part, it's not likely to ever happen. More often than not, work is salvation.

Virtually everything I've done has been a production—or has been influenced by—my learning disabilities. I don't recognize faces, and I don't remember names, either. But I have almost perfect photographic memory for things that are two-dimensional. The **chance** rose to do something almost always more interesting than the choice to do something.

There's a good incident. I wasn't so athletic, and I think that helped focus me early in my life. I distinguished myself by being more visually engaged and more visually focused because I knew I'd blow this in a flash. I'd be screwed.

Our pursuit is portable. If you get yourself to be able, you don't have the answers. And if you don't have the answers, your solutions will more likely be personal because no one else's solutions will seem appropriate. You'll have to come up with your own.

It's always wrong before it's right.

A face is a road map of someone's life. Without any need to simplify that or draw someone's face, there's a good deal that's communicated about who this person is and what their life experiences have been.

Being a critic is like being a meter maid. All you do is bring pain into people's lives.

I think you're interesting thing that's happened some since I was paralyzed twelve years ago. I'm a doer, and when writing around, I very seldom get approached by anybody. But being in a wheelchair has made me more accessible. There are people coming up to me on the street now. One of the great pleasures is that what accessibility has made it possible for people to engage me in a different way. It's very moving to hear someone say my work has had some meaning for them.

Painting is the lowest value of a performance.

If you're by nature an egomaniac person, which I'm not, puts you in a lot better position to be lucky.

My father died when I was eleven. That was a real tragedy, a horrible thing to happen when you're little. But one of the gifts is that experience was that I learned very early in life that you can get past something and you will be happy again. Losing my father was extremely important in accepting what happened to me later in life when I became a quadriplegic.

It happened suddenly. A spontaneous event within my body. I just found myself all of a sudden paralyzed from the shoulders down. It's like a car accident, in a way. There's a sense of a lifetime slowing down. It's not scary in the way you imagine something like this is going to be scary.

I'd rather not have those particular risks in my shoes.

After a few days in the hospital, I was thinking, Oh, gee, I was meant to be a church, Protestant upbringing, which I'd rejected as so much—I'm lying in the bed thinking, Hmmm, maybe I ought to pray. They always say there are no atheists in foxholes, and I thought, Here I am in a pretty good-sized foxhole... and I thought, Naahh. I wouldn't respect my God who would listen to me after I'd rejected him so vociferously.

If you're overwhelmed by the whole, break it down into pieces.

An event like this, a catastrophic illness or whatever, it doesn't happen just to you, it happens to everyone around you. I sit in a wheelchair, but I look out at the world and it's unchanged. It looks the same as it always did. But people who love me look at me and they see a loved one in a wheelchair.

I think being alone, being alone is not the same thing as loneliness.

Painting is a life. It's the most magical of all media, the most transcendental. It makes space where there is no space.

My favorite position of all time is Vermont.

Science and technology are where it's at. It's those little adjustments. You get something 99 percent of the way there, but it's that last 1 percent that really makes a difference.

You don't have to have a sense of irony. It's all in the telling.

It really is the subway.

When I was first in the hospital and things were really grim, someone said to me, "Oh, you'll be all right because you paint with your head and not with your hands." And at first that really pissed me off. I thought, Easy for you to say. But it was absolutely true. Over time when what artists like, you're gonna find a way to make it again.

Gender/ideology are paralyzing. You think, Man, they've got it made.

There's always somebody worse off than you are.

Painting's been done several times in my career already. And that's always the best time to start painting: being self-involved and having the arrogance to think that you have something to say and somebody else should pay attention in a secondary component of an artist's life.

I didn't get into art for therapy. I got therapy for therapy.

Yogi Berra

Catcher, 76, Montclair, New Jersey

I never go to the truck. I don't like buses. They take too long. Ask questions. Maybe it might lead to something.

Am I lucky? Usually you're dead to get your own measures, but I'm still alive to see me.

New York is always the place to play.

If I didn't make it in baseball, I won't have made it another. I didn't like to work.

I was the bully. My oldest brother was the best ballplayer of all of us. You ask anybody on the Hill in St. Louis—he was the best ballplayer on the Hill. My brother Lefty, he could hit. Man, he could hit.

I told my dad, "Dad, you realize if your other two sons had played ball, you'd be a millionaire?" He said, "Eh, your mother."

I was playin' American Legion baseball. Bobby Holman, used to play with the Giants, we were on the same team. We never had disputes. We're sitting on the ground. I always had my legs crossed and my arms folded. Bobby said, "You look like a yeg?" And I said, "No."

You don't have to play hard to hit a home run. If you get the timing, it'll go.

I don't blame the players today for the money. I blame the owners. They started it. They wanted you to be a star. More money to live.

It didn't have to be a perfect pitch. If you see it good, swing at it. But if you can't hit it, let it go.

My wife, she calls me Yogi. If she calls me Lou, I know she's mad at me.

The Hill was a good neighborhood. We all knew where to come to. They had a lot of kids. We were playing outside on the street, that was where those everybody does everything, go and get that good that can do for you later, put it on that table.

For Christmas, I asked my dad, "I want a baseball bat, a glove, and a ball." He said, "Which one of the three do you want?" I said, "Two gloves, go and buy me a new one. I like him good. Very ball was, "You hit me too good, Yeg?" He just said to me that I didn't mind. It wasn't mean. I know he didn't mean that. He was a good daddy of mine. It was why he wouldn't throw at my head—no, no, no, in the ass. Same way with Frank Thomas. He said, "You hit me too good. I gotta get ya." Another regular. Just for the heck of it.

When I caught, I'd look in the basket, the way he strikes. He strikes me, then you get the ball inside to him. I watched him pretty good.

Joe was the best player I ever saw. He didn't do anything wrong, that's what I never saw him do. He just was there. It's funny—I never seen him strike for a ball. He run the bases good. Every damn thing. Never seen him without a wife. Always a dark-blue suit. Shiny. He come from the strafe, too.

A lot of guys go. "Hey Yeg, say a Yeg soon." I tell 'em, "I don't know say." They want me to make one up. I don't make 'em up. I don't even know when I say it. They're the truth. And it is the truth. I don't know.

Can't tell it yet. "When you're on first base and you go back to the big, step on the pitcher's foot. Let him know you're there." I get a kick out of some guys. They look at you and say, "You look like Yogi Berra." I say, "No, ah, a little people tell me that." Then they say, "You can be. Can't be." It's not funny. New York, they all know me, but when you go in the airports, different towns, they look at you—"You remind me of Yogi Berra."

I never figured I'd go into the Hall of Fame. A kid from the Hill.

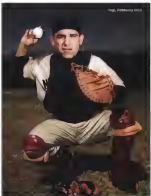


Photo: Matthew Meola

Carrie Fisher

Actress, writer, 45, Beverly Hills

Nothing is just one thing.

What I've learned about Hollywood you could put in a cup—a big cup, size C.

For years people have asked if I need being remembered as Princess Leia. I used to say no. But now I will say that it sometimes bothers me, yes. It follows me around like a little seal.

I'm very sure about how crazy I am.

Anything you can do in scenes for the wrong reasons is coming to me.

Mother's love great. They outlast everything. But when they're bad, they're the worst thing that can happen. What I know about love I learned from being a mother. I want to show the back of my daughter's thigh.

When you breed two Hollywood people together, you end up with someone like me.

If I'm drawn to anything, it would be kindness.

Here's what I've learned. That someone can change the course of history with a hot cat.

Fathers have laps. They have patterns. They want to hear what you have to say. They have kind-acts in their medicine cabinet and books to read to you. My father didn't have any of that. But he had songs to sing. He had other stuff.

I like having writers, the same way I like having guys to the gym. I'm a conversationalist more than a writer. I take direction from myself. I talk about myself behind my back. I know my likes and dislikes now. I don't like exercise but I do it. I like drugs but I don't do them.

All the good people are nuts.

Addiction is sedating. It makes you friendly with people for the wrong reasons, just like drugs. I don't have a thing. I tried to learn them. I want to learn to rock and roll and stuff like that. But then I realized it's not skills you need, it's impulses. It's having the impulse to care for someone. I got a lifetime impulse that said, "You will always be surrounded by comfort." And I wrote after it, "But you won't always be comfortable."

Everything is negotiable. Whether or not the negotiation is easy is another thing.

Rehearsal! The first time is a gift, the second time is a battle.

When you get on a movie set, you feel like you're a house burning down from the inside out. It's like having a hellfire of electric bolts. Every hell you hit is out of the park. Every word you're searching for is right at the tip of your tongue. You look through the facts in your head, your library, your catalog of memories and experiences and information, and it's all there, everything. You have every connection before you even look for it. It's the best version of yourself, I told that to myself on the ship every minute every minute every minute.

The older you get, the easier it is to spot the phosphenes. And I just think, how unpleasant for the us.

Remembering is like driving poison and waiting for the other person to die.

There's no way to prepare for being young. If rendered as a twelve-inch plastic doll.

It's more difficult when you lose a man to another man. It's not like you can look at yourself in the mirror and think, Man, if only I had bigger breasts.

I like songs that should only be sung at night when your heart is breaking.

I have tried to function as a trusting person and I've been ruled. Now it's me that I don't trust.

I'm so sick of talking about myself I'm gonna faint.





WHAT I'VE LEARNED Interviewed by Col Fassman

Richard Branson

Magul, 51, London

If you're embarking around the world in a hot-air balloon, don't forget the toilet paper. Once, we had to wait for incoming flows.

My interest in life comes from setting myself huge, apparently insurmountable challenges and trying to rise above them. **Once we got comfortable** as a company, I like to push the boat out again. My wife keeps saying, "Why? Why? You're fifty. That's easy. Let's enjoy it." But I'm a fairly unquiet person. Yesterday the first of one hundred new cranes arrived on the U.S. and went into service. We are going to transform Britain's rail system from the worst in the world to the best. If you can do a few things like that, when the body gives out, you can say you've lived a good life. I'll put all my money in the bank and drink myself to death in the Caribbean. I just think that would be a waste of the fantastic position I've found myself in.

Sex is as satisfying at fifty as it is twenty. But that first grasping sex at fifteen or sixteen? Nothing beats that. **When hiring somebody**, I never ask to see a curriculum vitae. I feel that since I didn't have one myself, it would be a bit pretentious to ask to see anyone else's.

It'll be the first one to make a fool of myself in any way if I think of it helping the party.

The only thing I hate in parties is the day after.

What do I love most about my wife? Her children. She's not likely to like them as me, eh?

Children have the most fantastic bonding effect on a relationship. Obviously, there are downs in a relationship. But for me, it's just being getting stronger and stronger and stronger. Love really does grow.

The best advice I got from my dad? Wear a condom.

If you look for the best in your employees, they'll flourish. If you criticize or look for the worst, they'll shrivel up. We all need lots of watering.

Perhaps I have too many companies, too many possessions, but it's better than the reverse.

Like people who will treat the switchboard operator as friendly they'll treat the managing director.

When I graduated from *Stowe*, a prep school, my headmaster's parting words to me were: "Congratulations, Branson. I predict you will either go to prison or become a millionaire."

If you have a mutual company, don't put out crap. Sign heads that all of the staff believe in so that they'll work day and night to make them successful.

There was a bit to learn about starting Virgin Atlantic, so I asked Sir Freddie Laker whether he could help me. He gave me advice and then said, "Another thing, Richard, is the stress. I'm not kidding, you should have regular medical check-ups." He said, "You need to go to the doctor and ask him to stick his finger up your bum. He'll be able to tell you what's what." Later, as Freddie was leaving, he turned to me and shouted, "One last word of advice, Richard. When you're back over the doctor's got his finger up your bum, make sure that he hasn't got both his hands on your shoulders!"

Create the best. The best benches and clubs and airlines never go bankrupt. The best always succeeds.

Generally, when you meet a hero in life, you are disappointed. My impression of Nelson Mandela was enhanced **being circumcised at twenty-four** is not a good idea, particularly if the night after the operation you find you're self-wrecking. **After** *James Bond's* movie film *Barbaric*. Before I could sleep myself, I had burst my stitches. Hearing my screaming, my first wife, Kristin, came running to see what the matter was. When she found out what happened, she was in stitches. I no longer was.

When taking a walk, make sure to protect the downside.

Bill Gates invited me to talk to thirty or forty chief executives from around the world. Just before I got up on stage, firms were handed out to everybody, and Gates said, "It's very important that all of us are treated in our lives. Richard's about to speak and I'd like you all to mark him out of 10." Now, that embarrassed me. I thought, Fuck. I thought I'd gotten out of school thirty-five years ago. I turned to the guy on my right—I think he was the head of Amazon—and said, "I'll give you a 10 if you give me a 10."

I've lived in the dangerous—and sometimes rather foolish—mood that I'm prepared to try anything once.

Try to avoid falling out with people. The world is a very small place.

Monogamy? What's that?

Over the years, the parties have got bigger and bigger, but the theme is the same: glorious irresponsibility for the night. **Get your priorities** right.



©GARY THORN/RETNA INC. Teller, first of American to test a hydrogen bomb, is Edward Teller. He was born in 1908 in Budapest, Hungary, and died in 2003. He was a member of the Manhattan Project and the creator of the hydrogen bomb. He was also a member of the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Academy of Sciences. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Philosophical Society. He was a member of the American Physical Society and the American Nuclear Society. He was a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the American Association of Physics Teachers. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors and the American Association of Economic Geologists. He was a member of the American Association of Geologists and the American Association of Mineralogists. He was a member of the American Association of Meteorologists and the American Association of Climatologists. He was a member of the American Association of Astronomers and the American Association of Planetary Scientists. He was a member of the American Association of Space Explorers and the American Association of Astronauts. He was a member of the American Association of Space Engineers and the American Association of Space Technicians. He was a member of the American Association of Space Scientists and the American Association of Space Researchers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Educators and the American Association of Space Teachers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Writers and the American Association of Space Journalists. He was a member of the American Association of Space Artists and the American Association of Space Photographers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Musicians and the American Association of Space Dancers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Actors and the American Association of Space Directors. He was a member of the American Association of Space Producers and the American Association of Space Distributors. He was a member of the American Association of Space Retailers and the American Association of Space Wholesalers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Importers and the American Association of Space Exporters. He was a member of the American Association of Space Shippers and the American Association of Space Carriers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Travelers and the American Association of Space Voyagers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Explorers and the American Association of Space Adventurers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Discoverers and the American Association of Space Inventors. He was a member of the American Association of Space Creators and the American Association of Space Makers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Builders and the American Association of Space Crafters. He was a member of the American Association of Space Designers and the American Association of Space Planners. He was a member of the American Association of Space Engineers and the American Association of Space Technicians. He was a member of the American Association of Space Scientists and the American Association of Space Researchers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Educators and the American Association of Space Teachers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Writers and the American Association of Space Journalists. He was a member of the American Association of Space Artists and the American Association of Space Photographers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Musicians and the American Association of Space Dancers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Actors and the American Association of Space Directors. He was a member of the American Association of Space Producers and the American Association of Space Distributors. He was a member of the American Association of Space Retailers and the American Association of Space Wholesalers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Importers and the American Association of Space Exporters. He was a member of the American Association of Space Shippers and the American Association of Space Carriers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Travelers and the American Association of Space Voyagers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Explorers and the American Association of Space Adventurers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Discoverers and the American Association of Space Inventors. He was a member of the American Association of Space Creators and the American Association of Space Makers. He was a member of the American Association of Space Builders and the American Association of Space Crafters. He was a member of the American Association of Space Designers and the American Association of Space Planners.

Interviewed by Daniel Foll

Edward Teller

Scientist, 93, Palo Alto, California

I'm proud to be called the father of the H-bomb. It was necessary. If not for me, the H-bomb would have been developed in Russia first. In the U.S., we would now be speaking Russian. That I spent my life working on weapons, I have not the least regret. I succeeded. I believe that by building the H-bomb, I contributed to winning the cold war without bloodshed. I am not even sorry.

We now have more than enough nuclear weapons.
As a human being: I was sorry for September 11. As a political person, I thought, Thank God that they killed six thousand people rather than the president.

Anything connected to me is wrong in some people's opinion. But there is a lot of misunderstanding. If you wish for peace, prepare for war.

What makes me angry is danger. When I see something coming and I don't know what to do about it, that makes me angry. In war time, things are generated that otherwise are not permitted.

I was at the first New Mexico test on 16 July. I was twenty miles away, lying down in the sand with my face turned fully toward the bomb. I put some cotton lotion on my face and very dark glasses. A spot lit up in the distance. The bomb went right up and, more slowly than you approach, and then began to rise, and within a minute it reached the stratosphere—with some amazing noise you could claim it looked like a giant fireball—and then the bang arrived half a minute after the explosion. About twenty of us were there on the sand. This was at 6:06 a.m. When I got home, I went back to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I wasn't allowed to tell my wife, and I didn't. She told me what she'd heard on the news—that an examination here had blown up and nobody was hurt. She knew, I guess, and I knew, but we never told each other. Oppenheimer was against the hydrogen bomb. He said we were making the god of destruction. I thought it was absolutely necessary. At the hearing, they pushed me to answer if Oppenheimer was a communist. I said he was a complicated man, and that I did not always understand his actions, and that I felt safer without him being in the loop. It was not of many witnesses. He has a high-level security clearance because I did not label him a communist. I certainly did not. That action came from others.

I am the opposite of a warmonger. I've tried to protect us.

President Kennedy called me to the White House. As he said goodbye, he asked me, "After 1945, for a few years we had an atomic weapon and the Soviets didn't. Why didn't we use it?" I asked the question aloud. My answer: I think under no conditions should we use nuclear weapons fast. I told that to the president.

I told him about my idea about a missile defense system. He liked it.

How well will it enable defense against war? I don't know, but I'm absolutely sure that if we don't work on it, it won't work.

The first atomic bombs had about thirty thousand tons of TNT. The bombs we now have stockpiled are ten times bigger, but they could be easily a thousand times bigger. Bigger bombs are not better. The kind of weapons we now have will blow us up the stratosphere into outer space. You make the explosion bigger, you blow away the stratosphere quicker.

There is nothing called nuclear waste, only nuclear materials that we haven't found a use for.

Recently I dreamed of Hasegawa. He was my teacher. He is young in my dreams, at the height of his intellectual power. In my dreams we were playing Ping-Pong. We used to play every Tuesday night. I beat him. He was often to Japan. When he came back, he would be a star.

Brain is the last nerve I would watch. I didn't see *Apocalypse Now*. But I saw *Dr. Strangelove*, but I heard that it's a satire. A change in the school of thought and I love it. I assure you that I would not love it.

Religion has been confused by the media.

For a nuclear level like equal, I'd like to ask the pope. Why didn't you make your God in the Bible a lot more credible? Why did you have to say in literally that God made the world in six days? A vague notion of God would be acceptable to me. Why the devil did he not say, "This world is wonderful, what you seem remarkable, and there are many other remarkable things you have not yet seen, and I've done all of them?"

I have regret connected to Hiroshima. We should have dropped the bomb not on Hiroshima but on Tokyo Bay. The million Japanese would have seen the blast and nobody would have been hurt. With the Japanese seeing that, we could have ended the war without killing. Or we could have dropped the atomic bomb over Tokyo at an altitude of twenty to thirty thousand feet, at eight o'clock in the evening, so they would have seen it and felt the shock. Hiroshima would have seen the bomb and used a non-leader.



Tom Ford

| GUCCI AND YVES SAINT LAURENT, 40, PARIS |

The best thing about my job is the pleasure of being surrounded by beautiful things. > Fashion is one of the only ways in which we can manufacture ourselves, be refreshed and changed. But in order for that to happen, there has to be something new. That is where I come in. > Fashion is a reflection of life. The challenge for the fashion designer, now more than ever, is to take the mood of the world and translate that into tangible things that people want. There was a time when men were embarrassed to say "I put gel in my hair" or "I'm wearing cologne." Men primp and flirt in a way they never would have three years ago. > Fashion has been made too abstract. All fashion means is simply dressing up.

> I just want to make the person wearing my pants look great. (He wears Lenny Kravitz's long-sleeved, oversized vinyl-pleated jacket [pink jacket of suit: \$2,370], Crockett made denim jeans, leather boots (\$660), white, gold-embroidered shirt (\$200), gold-rod-carved ring (\$2,200), and Sterling silver and onyx ring (\$490) by Tom Ford for Gucci.)



What I've Learned

WITH MORE THAN A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE AMONG THEM, THE ARCHITECTS OF AMERICAN STYLE SHARE WISDOM. THEY SPEAK ABOUT UNFUSSY FASHION AND HOW TO DRESS THEIR KIND OF AMERICAN MAN.



I'm a bit suspicious of men who follow fashion too closely. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, I don't know.

Marc
Jacobs [DE PARIS]



who's joining in? It's supposed to be a good idea, says the author, because it's a natural wool spin coat (30% off) and cotton (30% off) (30% off).



Actor Peter Gallagher.

Gallagher is seen here in the secondary position of Peter Dinklage's role. He wears a dark, textured jacket over a light-colored shirt and white trousers. He is leaning forward, looking down with a slight smile, and his hands are raised near his face in a playful or expressive gesture. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

Donna Karan

[33, NEW YORK CITY]

The most fun part of the job is looking around you for inspiration. The most rewarding part is finding it.

> These days, men's and women's clothing aren't that different—they're all about fabric and tailoring. For women's wear, I just take the men's wear and add lace.

> American style is global style—jeans and a T-shirt and a piece of leather.

> If I could change one thing about how American men look at clothes, I would convince them to suspend their disbelief and try something new.

> Inspiration is everywhere. A yellow taxicab can inspire an entire line.

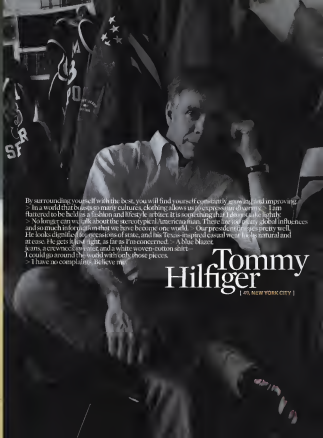
> All of society has to get dressed.





Wears a three-button single-breasted linen jacket (part of suit, \$425), cotton-poplin shirt (part of suit, \$425), cotton T-shirt (part of suit, \$425), and light blue jeans (part of suit, \$425).
 by Tommy Hilfinger

TD FASHION JANUARY 2004



By surrounding yourself with the best, you will find yourself constantly growing and improving.
 > In a world that boasts so many cultures, clothing allows us to express our diversity. I am flattered to be held as a fashion and lifestyle arbiter. It is something that I don't take lightly.
 > No longer can we talk about the stereotypical American man. There are too many global influences and so much information that we have become one world.
 > Our president dresses pretty well. He looks dignified for occasions of state, and his Texas-inspired casual wear looks natural and at ease. He gets it just right, as far as I'm concerned.
 > A blue blazer, jeans, a crewneck sweater, and a white woven-cotton shirt.
 > I could go around the world with only those pieces.
 > I have no complaints. Believe me.

Tommy Hilfinger
 | 40, NEW YORK CITY |



Calvin Klein

[55 NEW YORK CITY]

American men want to look and feel as great as any other man or woman.


They're just not as vocal about it. Clothes should make the person look better, not the other way around.

> Follow your instincts, stick to your own point of view and never be afraid to take risks.

> All a man needs in his closet is a great suit, a white T-shirt, and a pair of jeans.

> Clothing matters to people because people want to look good and they want to feel good. It is that simple.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE GRANITZ



Actor **Christian Bale** is the face of Calvin Klein's new fragrance, "Calvin Klein One." He is wearing a dark jacket over a blue shirt. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue.

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 112
OR VISIT US ONLINE AT www.calvinklein.com

MAY 2002 ESQUIRE 113



If you've ever wanted to increase erection size, you're not alone. Now, thanks to Enzyte, you can.

Maximize the Pleasure In studies, Enzyte has been shown to increase erection size. Most men on the Enzyte program experience an 18-31% growth in both length and roundness, with an average reported growth of 24%. Additional benefits of Enzyte include increased sexual vitality, energy, and stamina.

How Enzyte Works Enzyte is a natural vasodilator that is it stimulates blood flow to enhance engagement during sexual, creating longer, fuller erections for a more satisfying sexual experience. Take two Enzyte capsules daily, and within just three to four weeks, you will begin to see results. For maximum effectiveness, continue to take Enzyte for four to five months.

Quality Assurance Enzyte is 100% safe and all natural, consisting of the highest quality ingredients. Each bottle of Enzyte is packaged to meet the highest standards and is fully backed by our Customer Satisfaction Guarantee (CSG).

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God

Creator/ruler, immortal, the Celestial Kingdom of Heaven

Say something in a deep, booming voice and people will listen

I absolutely have favorites, but I don't "think" that's not how I see gods before me" is my best recommendation

It's very important to coach your beard every day I write the Suzanne Chapel. Michaelangelo made my art look fat

I still don't know why there's a zodiac but not a zodiac-y

My biggest mistake? Letting Bill Buckner win that grand slam in '86. The Sox deserved a break

Oh, and going to the box set. It's not a bad idea

We think you're into a people faster than most because of things

I don't like old men and what's wrong is I don't like gaudy people, either

I'm a bit of a cynic, but I still can't tell the difference between Bill Clinton and Bill Pullman

First the leviathan: that's the line. Never the other way around. Trust me

Always start an announcement with the word, "Behold"

There's a fine line between praying and whining

The camel through the eye of the needle is hard, but it's not impossible, especially if you have a good Customer

Animal coverage isn't worth the paper it's written on

I cannot recall a lot of names—God, Jehovah, Yahweh, Allah. I do not answer to Big Gay in the Big or Dude

Every child's choice

If you're serious, you go to the box set, you go to the box set where you want to

I'm sorry, but I just can't blame every damn person who's been, especially during the very season

I don't know where the dead men thing got started. What's new? Good penmanship is not to goodness?

When giving gifts, go by way on the gold, like on the frustration and myth

They're always talking about the right hand of the Lord. The funny part is, I'm a lefty

Man shall not live by bread alone. In fact, I'd eat an apple altogether

Originally, it was called the All-New Testament

It's ridiculous the things people do in my name. Terrorism, rape, incest, that angel show on CBS

First time I met Moses, I thought, This guy has a lot of hair

A diet of white vinegar does wonders for your skin

There used to be a lot more shouting going on. I miss it

I love all my children—except for Judy Tems

I'm not the first to say it, but it's true. It's lonely at the top

The second book of Daniel is much better than the first. It's a Godfather Part II kind of thing

Like to think of myself as both Creator and Executive Producer

Always wash off a slave with cold water. It's better for your pores. It



Illustration by Boudry

New Acoustics module

Slips behind furniture so you won't even see it. Improved technology delivers more impactful bass that settles in some from the tiny cube speakers

Award-winning Jewel Cube® speakers

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YOUR ATTENTION,
THE AWARDS SHOULD.

98 RATING

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